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JOB,
ECCLESIASTES,
REVELATION,
SOLOMON AND HIS BRIDE.



JOB,
ECCLESIASTES,
REVELATION.
SOLOMON AND HIS BRIDE,

MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
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THE BOOKS OF
JOB, ECCLESIASTES,
AND
REVELATION

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

ALSO,

SOLOMON AND HIS BRIDE:

A Drama from the Song of Songs.

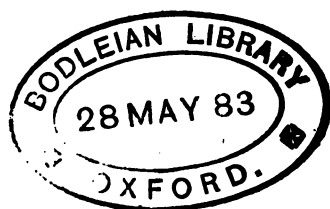
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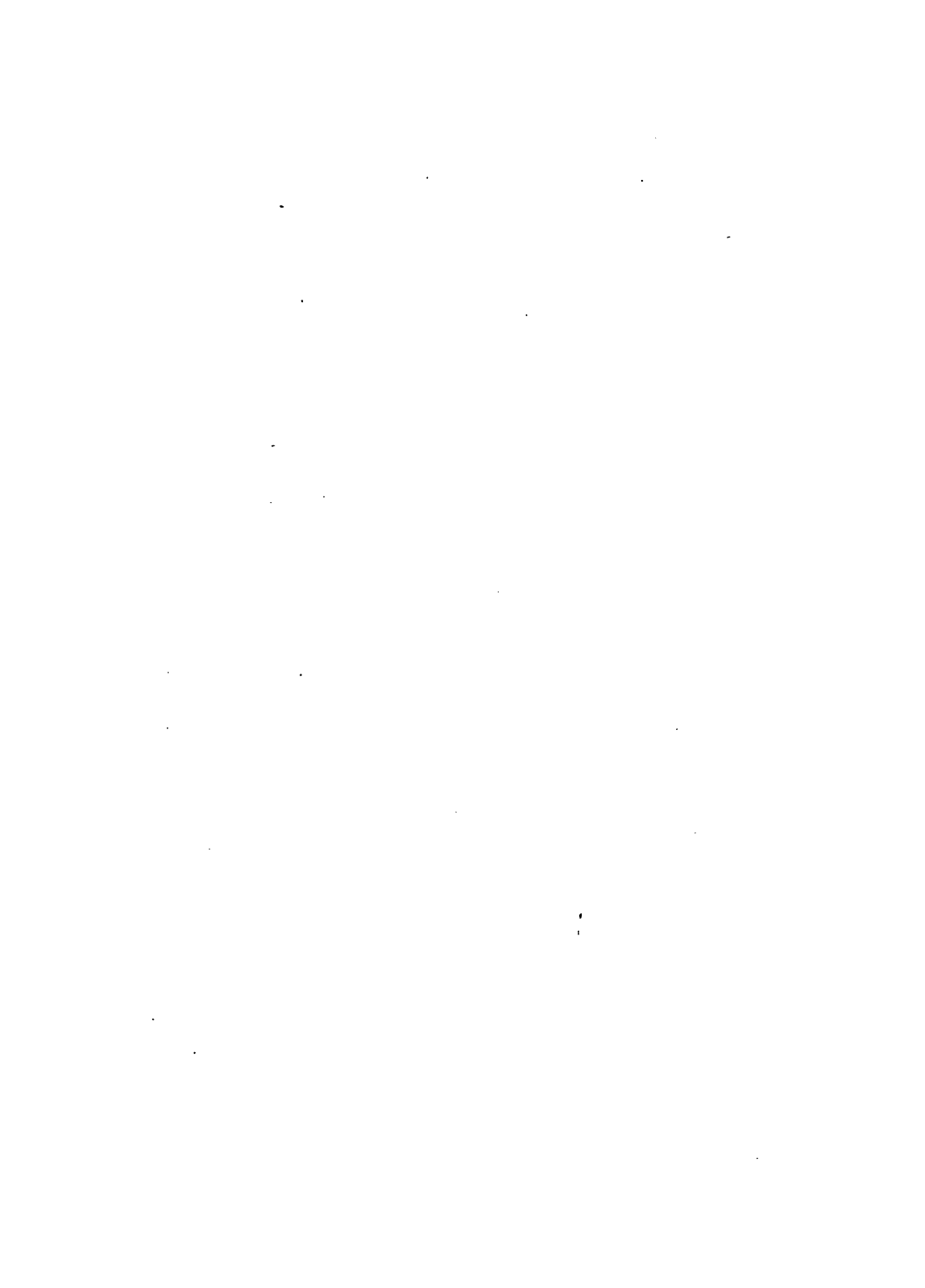
147. f. 134



APOLOGY.



IT will be seen that in the Book of Job I have been often influenced by Mr. Elzas' translation; that I have in part followed his suggestions for the arrangement of the latter portion of Job's colloquy with his three friends, and those of the Rev. J. Noble Coleman, M.A., for the collocation of the speeches in the last two chapters. For the imperfections in my conception of the meaning of difficult passages, which occur in the Authorized Version of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Revelation, I must throw myself on the indulgence of the reader. As for the Drama of Solomon and his Bride, it professes merely to be founded on the Song of Songs; I therefore hope that it will not be judged in comparison therewith.



CONTENTS.



JOB, ...	11
ECCLESIASTES, ...	77
REVELATION, ...	103
SOLOMON AND HIS BRIDE, ...	147

JOB.

J O B.

JOB dwelt in Uz, an upright, perfect man,
Eschewing evil and revering God.
Sons seven and daughters three to him were born ;
His substance waxèd great : seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels browsed upon his plains ;
Five hundred yoke of oxen filled his stalls ;
In daily work five hundred asses toiled ;
And a great household served him as their lord :
So that the man was mighty, and his name
Was great among the people of the East. 10
And each son on his day would make a feast
To entertain his brothers in his turn,
And call his sisters to the festival.
And so it was that when their feasts were done,
Their father Job would sanctify his sons,
And early in the morning offer up
His sacrifice to God, one for each son,
Lest that his sons had sinned, and in their hearts
Had wandered from the way of God. Thus Job
For his loved sons atonement ever made. 20

There was a time in which the sons of God
Came to present themselves before the Lord,
And Satan with them ; and God questioned him :
Whence comest thou ? And Satan answered God :

From going to and fro upon the earth,
 And walking up and down throughout the land.
 Then saith the Lord to Satan : Hast thou seen
 My servant Job ? Hast thou considered him,
 That there is none like him upon the earth,
 Perfect and upright, one that feareth God, 30
 Eschewing evil ? Satan made reply :
 Doth Job fear God for nought ? Hast Thou not made
 A hedge about him, and about his house,
 And about all he hath on every side ?
 Hast Thou not blessed the labour of his hands,
 And multiplied his substance in the land ?
 Put forth Thy hand and touch all that he hath,
 And see that he will curse Thee to Thy face.
 Then said the Lord to Satan : Lo, his all
 Is in thy power ! only upon himself 40
 Lay not thy hand to hurt. So Satan went
 Forthwith from out the presence of the Lord.

There was a day when all the sons of Job,
 And his three daughters, eating and drinking wine,
 Were feasting in their elder brother's house ;
 Then came a messenger and said to Job :
 Thine oxen and thy men were in the field
 At plough, the asses near them out at graze,
 When the Sabæans fell upon the whole,
 And seized thy cattle and have slain thy men ; 50
 And I alone escaped to tell it thee.

While he yet spake, another servant said :
 God's fire hath fallen from heaven, and hath destroyed
 Thy sheep and servants ; and I only live
 To tell thee. Then another entering, cried :
 Thy servants and thy camels are all lost,
 For the Chaldæan plunderers came down,

Formed in three bands, and they have driven away
Thy camels, and have put thy men to death ;
And I alone escaped to tell it thee. 60

He scarce had spoken ere another came :
Thy sons and daughters at the festal board
Were seated in their elder brother's house,
When from the wilderness the whirlwind came,
And smote upon the corners of the house ;
It fell upon them, and they all are dead ;
And I alone escaped to tell it thee.

Job rose, and rent his mantle, shaved his head,
And fell upon the ground, and worshipped God :
Naked I came forth from my mother's womb, 70
And naked shall return. The Lord who gave
Hath now resumed : bless'd be the name of God.
Thus in all this affliction sinned not Job,
Nor with injustice did he charge the Lord.

Again time was in which the sons of God
Came to present themselves before the Lord,
And Satan with them. And God questioned him :
Whence comest thou ? And Satan answered God :
From going to and fro upon the earth, . . .
And walking up and down throughout the land. 80
Then said the Lord to Satan : Hast thou now
Considered Job my servant, how that none
Is like to him on earth perfect and true,
Eschewing evil and revering God ?
Still his integrity he holdeth fast,
Though causeless thou against him movedst me.
And Satan answering, said unto the Lord :
Yea, in fair barter any man will give
All that he hath in traffic for his life,
And count him gainer. But put forth Thy hand 90

And touch himself, and he will curse Thee then.
And the Lord said to Satan : Lo, the man
Is in thy hand to deal with, save his life !
So Satan left the presence of the Lord,
And with sore boils smote Job from head to foot,
So that with shards he scraped the uncleanness off,
And sat among the ashes in his dole.
Then said in bitterness of soul his wife :
Canst thou to God obedience still retain ?
Will thy own death. But Job rebuked his wife : 100
Thou speakest as the foolish women speak.
Good at the hand of God shall we receive,
And then refuse the evil ? Thus did Job
Revere the Lord, nor sinned he with his lips.

When Job's three friends had heard that all these ills
Had come upon him, each from his place set out,
From Teman Eliphaz, Bildad from Shuha,
And Zophar from Naamatha, for the three
Had made agreement that they all would go
To sympathize with Job, and comfort him. 110
And when afar they lifted up their eyes,
And knew him not, they raised their voice and wept.
Then all of them in grief their mantles rent,
And mourning sprinkled dust upon their heads.
So with their friend they sat upon the ground
For seven days and nights, and silence kept,
Because they saw his grief was very great.

Then opened Job his mouth and cursed his day :
Let the day perish wherein I was born ;
Blot out the night in which I was conceived ; 120
Oh, let that day be darkness ! let not God
Regard it, but forbid His light to shine ;

Stain it with darkness and the shade of death,
A cloud for ever overshadow it,
While the day-darkness makes it terrible.
Let awful gloom seize that unhappy night,
Be it not counted in the year of days,
Nor come into the number of the months.
Oh, let that night be solitary ! none
Hallow its loneliness with sound of joy. 130
Let those who mourn curse both that night and day ;
Let its bright stars of twilight hide their rays ;
Let it expect the day, but find no light ;
Nor let it lift the eyelids of the dawn ;
Because it closed not up my mother's womb,
Nor from mine eyes hid sorrow. Why, oh why
Died I not then ? Why did my spirit stay ?
Why was I laid upon a father's knees ?
Why was I nourished at a mother's breast ?
For now in quietude I should have lain ; 140
I should have slept. Then I had been at rest,
Like the great counsellors and kings of old
Who built those ancient solitary tombs ;
Like princes who have revelled in their gold,
Or had their palaces with silver filled.
I had been hidden as untimely born,
As child whose eyes had never seen the light,
There where the wicked ones from troubling cease ;
There where the weary find their welcome rest ;
There where at peace the prisoners recline, 150
The gaoler's voice no longer scaring them ;
There where both small and great together lie,
And where the slave is from his master free.
Why is light given to the wretched man,
Or life to him of bitterness of soul,
Who longs for death, which comes not at his call,

JOB.

Who tries for death more than for hidden gold,
 Who joys so greatly when he finds a grave ?
 Or why to him whose onward path is hid,
 Whom God hath hedgèd in from further way ? 160
 I take no food for sighing ; and I weep
 Like running waters ; for I feared a fear,
 And it has come. That which I feared is here,
 For I was neither over-confident,
 Nor was I passing time in careless rest
 Or idle quietude ; yet trouble came.

Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite :
 If we essay a word, wilt thou be grieved ?
 But who is he that can refrain from speech ?
 Thou hast instructed many, given them strength ; 170
 Him that was falling have thy words upheld ;
 From thee the feeble knees have might received.
 But when it cometh on thee thou art faint ;
 Now thou art troubled for it toucheth thee.
 Is this thy reverence, thy trust, thy hope ?
 Is this the righteousness that paved thy way ?
 Remember thee, I pray ! Who innocent
 E'er perished ? Or was e'er the righteous slain ?
 Even as I have seen, who plough in sin,
 Sowing iniquity, shall reap the same ; 180
 They perish in the anger of the Lord :
 The breathing of His nostrils withereth them.
 The lions roaring, the fierce lions' voice,
 The gnashing of the lions' teeth, are vain ;
 The old lion perisheth for lack of prey ;
 His savage whelps are all dispersed abroad.

Now secretly a thing was brought to me,
 The breathing of the whisper reached mine ear
 In thoughts among the visions of the night,

What time upon mankind descendeth sleep. 190
 Fear came upon me, trembling shook my bones,
 And then before my face a spirit passed.
 The hair of my flesh stood up. The spirit stayed,
 But I could not discern the shape thereof ;
 A formless form, silence, but yet a voice :
 Shall man, a mortal, be more just than God ?
 More than his Maker shall a man be pure ?
 Lo, in His servants He hath put no trust,
 Nor in His angels, whom He fills with light ;
 How, then, in those who dwell in forms of clay ? 200
 Sprung from the dust, and crushed before the moth,
 Morning and evening are they destroyed,
 Perishing in all time, while none regards ;
 Doth not their very excellence depart ?
 And what avails their wisdom when they die ?
 Call now, if there be one that will reply ;
 Or to what holy one wilt thou appeal ?
 For wrath and envy slay the foolish man.
 Vainly the fool takes root ; lo ! he is gone ;
 His children far from safety, at the gate 210
 Crushed in the throng, none to deliver them ;
 Whose harvest doth the hungry one devour,
 Gathering it even from among the thorns,
 And all their wealth the thirsty swalloweth.
 Affliction riseth not from out the dust,
 Neither doth trouble spring from out the ground ;
 For then, as birds are formed to fly in air,
 The sons of men would be for trouble framed.
 I would seek God, and would commit my cause
 To Him who doeth things unsearchable ; 220
 Marvellous things and great, till number fails.
 Who giveth ra'in upon the fainting earth,
 And sendeth waters on the thirsty fields,

To raise up all that droopeth ; to exalt
To place of safety the sad hearts that mourn.
He disappointeth crafty men's device,
So that their deep-laid enterprises fail.
The wise are snared in their own craftiness ;
The headlong counsel of the froward falls ;
They meet with darkness in the light of day, 230
And in the noonday grope as in the night.
Yet doth He save the poor one from the sword,
Yea, from the mighty man who spoileth him.
Thus to the one in need He giveth hope,
And thus He silenceth iniquity.
Happy the lot of him whom God correcteth ;
Therefore despise not chastenings from the Lord :
For it is God who bruiseeth and who bindeth,
The Lord who woundeth and who maketh whole.
He in thy trouble will deliver thee ; 240
No ill shall touch thee, though thy strait increase.
From death in famine thee shall He redeem,
And guard thee from life-wasting sword in war.
Thou shalt be hidden from the scourge of tongues,
Nor shalt thou fear destruction coming nigh ;
At death and devastation thou shalt laugh,
Nor shalt thou dread the savage beasts of earth ;
For thou shalt league thee with the cliffs and rocks,
With thee the desert beasts shall be at truce ;
And thou shalt know that on thy tent is peace, 250
And there thy soul in sinlessness shall dwell.
Thou shalt foreknow the greatness of thy seed,
Thine offspring numerous as the waving grass ;
Then in full age thou to thy grave shalt come,
As in its time cometh a sheaf of corn.
Lo ! we have searched it out, and thus it is :
Hear for thyself, and know it for thy good.

He ceased to speak, but Job replying, said :
Oh that my plaint, with my calamity,
Were laid in balances and justly weighed, 260
It should outweigh the sand upon the shore ;
Therefore my words can but fall short of it.
The arrows of the Almighty smite me sore,
The poison of them drinketh up my soul.
God's terrors are arrayed against my life.
Brayeth the wild ass browsing in the plain ?
Over their fodder do the oxen low ?
Is food unsavoury eaten without salt ?
The palate pleased with that which bringeth death ?
Things which I loathed are now my doleful meat. 270
Oh that the Lord would grant me my desire,
That God would give me that for which I long ;
That it might please the Lord to take my life,
That He would loose His hand and cut me off.
And this should be a comfort unto me,
That in affliction, while He hath not spared,
I ne'er gainsaid the Holy One's behest.
What is my strength that I should still have hope ?
What is my end, that I would lengthen life ?
Have I the flesh of stone, the strength of brass ? 280
Only my own my help, my wisdom gone.
His friends should pity an afflicted one,
Lest he forget his reverence for God.
But mine are faithless as the inconstant brook ;
As streams amid the valleys, passed away,
Filled to o'erflowing in the winter time,
Turbid and swollen with melted ice and snow ;
Lessening in volume as the year matures,
Till in the summer season they are lost ;
First shrinking to a thread amid their course, 290
Dried up and vanished in the summer heat,

The thirsty caravans of Tema try,
The eager companies of Sheba search,
Confounded that their hope has been deceived,
And shamed at finding that their trust is vain.
So now that ye draw near, like them ye are :
Ye see my casting down, and are afraid.
Have I from all your wealth implored an alms ?
A morsel out of your abounding store ?
Or asked your aid against my enemy ? 300
Or to redeem me from the mighty hand ?
I crave but teaching, I will hold my peace,
For ne'er I strive against the words of truth.
But what doth all your argument reprove ?
Do ye imagine to rebuke my words,
Words of despair, which are but for the wind ?
Yea, ye o'erwhelm the fatherless, ye make
A pitfall for your friend. Content ye now ;
Look face to face, and tell me if I lie.
Reflect, I pray you ! Be ye not unjust ! 310
Reflect, for in it is my righteousness.
Is there iniquity upon my tongue,
Because my misery delights me not ?
Hath not on earth man his appointed time,
With days allotted as a hireling's days ?
Like toiling slave agape for evening's shade,
Or as a hireling looking for his pay ?
So months of vanity to me are given,
And nights of weariness for me to pass.
When I lie down, I say, When shall I rise ? 320
When will the night be gone ? And I am full
Of tossings to and fro till break of day.
My flesh is foul with worms and clots of dust ;
My skin is torn and loathsome ; and my days
Are slight and fragile as a weaver's yarn,

My only hope the breaking of the thread.
Remember ye ! my life is but a breath.
No more mine eyes shall beauteous things enjoy ;
My loving friends shall look for me in vain ;
For while thine eyes are on me, lo ! I go. 330
For as the cloud hath vanished, so shall he,
Who goeth to the grave, no more return.
Never again his dwelling shall he seek ;
Never again his place shall know him more.
Therefore I bridle not my tongue, but tell,
In anguish of my spirit, my complaints,
And pour out all my bitterness of soul.

Am I Leviathan or flooded Nile,
That so Thou watchest me to keep me in ?
E'en when I hope for comfort in my bed, 340
And on my couch seek ease from my complaints,
Then, Lord, Thou scarest me with dreadful dreams,
And awest me with visions of affright.
I would that Thou mightst strangle out my soul,
Giving me death ; I loathe my very life.
I would not always live. Let me alone,
For all my days are only vanity.
Lord, what is man that Thou shouldst make him great ?
That ever Thou shouldst set Thy heart on him ?
That Thou shouldst visit him at early dawn, 350
And try him every moment of the day ?
Oh, how long wilt Thou not depart from me,
Nor give me time to swallow ? Have I sinned ?
Where is my strength, that I can harm Thee aught,
Who calmly contemplatest all mankind ?
Why hast Thou set me for Thee as Thy mark,
So that I am a burden to myself ?
Canst Thou not pardon me when I transgress,
Nor mine iniquity from me remove ?

For now my sleep shall soon be in the dust, 360
And when at dawn Thou seek, I shall not be.

Then, answering him, Bildad of Shuha said :
How long wilt thou speak thus ? How long shall come
Out of thy mouth this hurricane of words ?
Doth the Lord sway His judgment ? Deemest thou
That the All-just One will pervert His law ?
If that thy children sinned against the Lord,
And for transgression He hath cut them off ;
Yet if thou seek unto the Lord betimes,
And make thy supplication to the Lord 370
With heart upright and pure, most surely now
He would awake for thee, and He would make
Thy righteous habitation prosperous.
Though small were thy beginning, yet thine end
Should lack no increase in prosperity.
Inquire, I pray thee, of the former age ;
Prepare thyself to search the times of old ;—
For we are but of yesterday, our time
Merely a shadow, what we know is naught :—
Shall they not teach thee, and shall they not tell ? 380
From those old sources shall not wisdom flow ?
Is the rush nourished where there is no mire ?
Or without water doth papyrus grow ?
While in its greenness, ere it be cut down,
It withereth before all other herbs.
Such are the ways of those forgetting God,
And thus the hypocrite's false hope shall fail.
The prop he trusteth in shall rot away ;
His confidence shall be a spider's web.
He leaneth on his prop, it shall not stand ; 390
Nor when his web he graspeth, shall it hold.
He bourgeoneth in sunshine, and his branch

In the gay garden putteth forth its flowers ;
 Moored in the rifted rock his lusty roots.
 Yet if the Lord destroy, his place denies
 All knowledge of him. Such is all his joy !
 And others shall replace him from the earth.
 A perfect man God will not cast away,
 Nor will He grasp the hand of evil men.
 Thy mouth with laughter yet the Lord will fill, 400
 And yet thy lips shall shout aloud for joy ;
 While they who hate thee shall be clothed with shame,
 The sinners' tabernacles desolate.

Then answered Job : Thou sayest but the truth.
 But how shall man be just before the Lord ?
 With Him contending, how shall man reply ?
 He cannot in a thousand answer one.
 Who hath e'er prospered striving with the Lord ?
 All wise in wisdom ; of almighty power ;
 Who moveth mountains, and they know it not, 410
 And at His pleasure overturneth them ;
 Who shaketh from her place of rest the earth,
 Whose pillars tremble ; ordereth the sun,
 That shineth not ; and sealet up the stars ;
 Who spreadeth in His solitary might
 The heavens, and treadeth on the ocean waves ;
 Who maketh Ash, and Cèsil, and Cimàh,
 And the red chambers of the burning south ;
 Who doeth mighty works inscrutable,
 And wonders without number fashioneth. 420
 He goeth by me, and I see Him not ;
 He passeth on, but I can not perceive.
 Behold, He taketh, who shall hinder Him,
 Or who shall question Him, What doest Thou ?
 If the Lord turneth not aside His wrath,

Perforce the proudest bow before His will.
By how much less, then, shall I answer Him,
Or marshal arguments against my God ?
Though I were righteous, I could not reply ;
But humbly I would supplicate my Judge. 430
If I had called, and He had answered me,
Yet would I not believe that to my voice
The Lord had hearkened ; for with trumpet blast
He breaketh me, and woundeth causelessly ;
He will not suffer me to draw my breath,
But filleth me with bitterness. I boast
Of strength ; lo, He is strong ! Of judgment ; who
Shall set my time to plead ? And if myself
I justify, my own mouth shall condemn me !
Say I am perfect ! it shall tell my faults. 440
If perfect, then I should not know my soul ;
My very being I should then have changed.
Therefore in certainty do I affirm
That good and wicked both doth He destroy.
If the swift scourge shall slay the innocent,
The Almighty One shall on his trial smile.
He giveth o'er to wicked hands the earth,
And darkeneth the discernment of the judge ;
Or where, and who, is he that doeth it ?
My days are swifter than the running post, 450
Leaving no joy to mark their fleeting stay ;
As the light skiffs of reeds, they swiftly pass,
Or as the eagle swooping on his prey.
If to make light of my complaint I try,
Leave off my heaviness, and comfort me,
My sorrows then shall keep me still in dread.
I know Thou wilt not hold me innocent,
If wicked ; why then labour I in vain ?
Even if I wash in water of the snow,

And to perfection if my hands I cleanse, 460
Yet Thou shalt plunge me in the miry ditch,
And mine own clothes shall be ashamed of me.
For He is not as man, that we should come
Together into judgment ; daysman none
Betwixt, to lay his hand upon us both,
Able to stay the scourging of His rod,
And take away the terror of His fear ;
For then I would not dread Him, and would speak
With calmness ; but it is not so with me.
Alas ! my soul is weary of my life, 470
A life inwoven with my griefs ; my speech
The outpourings of my bitterness of soul.
Condemn me not, O Lord ; but show me now
Why in Thy might contendest Thou with me.
Befits it Thee for Thee to overpress ?
Thee to despise the work of Thy own hands,
And shine upon the evil men's designs ?
Hast Thou the eye of flesh ? Seest Thou as man ?
Are Thine the days of man ? as man's Thy years,
That Thou shouldst search for mine iniquity ; 480
And Thou shouldst question me about my sin ?
Yet knowing that I am not wicked, Lord,
While from Thy hand none can deliver me.
Thy hands took pains about me, and my form
Thou fashionedst ; and yet Thou dost destroy !
Remember that Thou mouldedst me as clay ;
Why wilt Thou bring me into dust again ?
Hast Thou not poured me out as milk ? like cheese
Hast curdled me ? clothed me with flesh and skin,
And woven me with sinews and with bones ? 490
Favour on me Thou hast bestowed, and life ;
Thy visitation hath preserved my soul.
Thus Thou hast willed ; I know that this is so.

If I should sin, O Lord, Thou markest me,
 And wilt not clear me from iniquity.
 If I be wicked, unto me is woe.
 If I be righteous, bowed unto the dust
 I am confounded ; therefore do Thou look
 On my affliction. If I raise my head,
 Like a roused lion Thou pursuest me, 500
 And showest forth Thy wonders, and Thy plagues
 Renewest on me ; and on me Thy wrath
 Increasest, sending on me change and war.
 Wherefore, then, broughtst Thou me from out the womb ?
 Would I had died, that me no eye had seen ;
 I should have been as though I had not lived,
 Borne from the womb directly to the grave.
 Few are my days. Cease ! let me alone,
 That I may comfort me, before I go
 Whence I shall ne'er return, into the land 510
 Of death-like shadow, where the darkness dwells,
 The land of darkness, darkness visible,
 Land of the shadow of death, where Chaos reigns,
 And where the darkness is the only light.

Then Zophar lifted up his voice, and said :
 Should not this storm of speech call forth reply ?
 And shall a man of words be justified ?
 Shall thy devices make us hold our peace ?
 Or when thou mockest, no man bring thee shame ?
 Thou saidest, I am clean, my doctrine pure ; 520
 But let God speak, and make His words be heard,
 The secrets of His wisdom let Him show,
 O'er what is thine, its infinite excess.
 Know ! God exacteth less than thy desert.
 Canst thou by deepest search discover God ?
 Art thou so perfect as to know perfection ?

Higher than highest heaven, what doest thou ?
Deeper than deepest hell, what knowest thou ?
Longer than earth, and broader than the sea.
If He arrest and put thee into ward, 530
And bring to trial, who shall hinder Him ?
Well knoweth He vain men ; iniquity
He seeth too ; yet men do not perceive.
Then if the desert ass his nature change,
So may the vain man strive to cast his slough.
Prepare thy heart and raise thy hands to God ;
If sin be with thee, put it far away,
And from thy tabernacle cast iniquity ;
Then shalt thou lift thy face up without spot ;
Thou shalt be stedfast, and thou shalt not fear ; 540
Because thou shalt forget thy misery,
Remembering it as waters passed away.
Then as the noonday clear thine eye shall be ;
Thy darkness shall give place before the dawn ;
And thou, as having hope, shalt be secure,
Safe in thy daily toil and nightly rest.
Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee fear ;
Yea, many shall be suitors unto thee.
But for the wicked, lo ! their sight shall fail ;
Their flight shall perish from them when they flee ; 550
Their only hope that soon their life shall close.

Job answering, then said : Ye doubtless are
The people, and with you shall wisdom die ;
But I have understanding such as yours,
Nor lower fall ; who knoweth not these things ?
I am like one who, while his neighbour mocketh,
Callesh upon the Lord, who answereth him.
For aye the just man's simpleness is scorned ;
Whose feet are slipping, those at ease despise

Like lamp discarded at the dawn of day. 560
The robbers' tents abound, though they provoke
The God whose bounty fills their grasping hands.
But ask thou now the beasts, and they shall teach ;
The fowls of air, and they shall tell it thee ;
The earth inform thee, if thou speak to it ;
The fishes of the sea declare to thee.
Who knoweth not from these God's mighty hand,
That thus He worketh, who doth hold the life
Of all mankind, the breath of human flesh ?
Doth not the mouth taste meat ? the ear try words ?
The ancient man hath wisdom ; length of days 571
Bestoweth understanding, wisdom, power.
Behold, He breaketh down ; and who shall build ?
He shutteth up ; and who shall open it ?
Lo ! He withholdeth waters, they are dried ;
He sendeth them, they inundate the earth.
With Him are strength and wisdom. Both are His,
Deceiver and deceived. The counsellors
Misleadeth He, and maketh judges fools.
He teareth off the girdle of the kings, 580
Binding the band of toil upon their loins ;
Leadeth away at will the princes spoiled,
The warrior shamed, the mighty overthrown.
The lips of faithful men He silenceth,
Clouding the understanding of the old.
He o'er the princes poureth out contempt,
And looseneth the girdle of the strong.
He rolleth off the darkness from the depths,
Brightening death's shadows with the beams of heaven.
He doth increase the people, and destroy ; 590
At His behest the nations wax and wane.
The people's princes He dishearteneth,
They wander in the pathless wilderness,

Groping about in darkness without light,
And, like the drunken, stagger to and fro.
All these mine eye hath seen, mine ear hath heard ;
I see and know them as the works of God.
Whate'er ye know, the same I also know,
Nor deem me less intelligent than you.
Oh that I could address myself to God, 600
Pleading my cause with my almighty Lord !
But ye are all physicians of no worth,
Glozing the sore ; would that ye held your peace,
So it might be that we should deem you wise.
Hear now my reasonings, and hearken ye
While I pour out the pleadings of my lips.
Will ye speak partially for God, and talk
Deceitfully for Him ? Will ye accept
His person, and will ye contend for God ?
Will that please Him, whom nothing can deceive ? 610
Can He, like man, be cheated by your frauds ?
Surely He will reprove if ye misjudge.
Shall not His excellency make you fear ?
Shall not the dread of Him upon you fall ?
Your memorable sayings are but dust ;
Your arguments no better than the clay.
Yea, hold ye now your peace. Let me alone
That I may speak ; and then what will may come.
Now, whatsoe'er may hap, I in my teeth
Will take my flesh, and in my hand my life ; 620
E'en though He slay me will I trust in Him,
But in His presence will my ways maintain.
For my salvation shall be in the Lord,
Before whose throne no hypocrite shall stand.
Attend ye diligently to my speech,
And hear my declaration with your ears ;
Lo ! I have ordered well my cause, and know

I shall be justified. Who pleads with me ?
For if I now keep silence, I shall die.
Grant me, O Lord, two favours ; then will I 630
Lay myself bare before the mighty God.
In mercy take away from me Thy hand,
Nor overwhelm me with the fear of Thee ;
Then call, O God, and I will answer Thee ;
Or let me speak, and answer me, O Lord.
How many mine iniquities and sins
Make me to know them ! Wherefore dost Thou hide
Thy face, and hold'st me for Thine enemy ?
Wilt Thou pursue dry stubble ? Wilt Thou break
A driven leaf ? Thou writest bitter things 640
Against me, reckoning up my sins of youth.
Alas ! my feet Thou putttest in the stocks ;
Thou lookest narrowly to all my paths,
And trackest out the wanderings of my ways ;
And, like a rotten thing, consumest me,
Or as a garment fretted by the moth.
Troubled and few man's days of woman born,
He blossometh and fadeth like a flower ;
Like fleeting shadow, he abideth not.
And dost Thou set Thine eye on such an one, 650
Bringing me into judgment with Thyself ?
None can find purity in one impure.
Since Thou hast fixed man's days, numbered his months,
And bounds appointed that he may not pass,
Turn Thou away from him that he may rest,
Till as a hireling he fulfil his day.
If that a tree be felled, there still is hope
That it will sprout, and that the tender branch
Will not cease from it ; though the root wax old,
And though the stock thereof die in the ground, 660
Yet at the scent of water it will bud,

And like a plant put forth its sprays again.
But man, who dieth, wasteth quite away ;
And where is he whose spirit leaveth him ?
As if the lake had perished from its bed,
As if the drought had dried the failing stream,
So lieth man, and riseth not again,
To wake not till the heavens shall be no more,
Nor till that time shall he be raised from sleep.
Oh that Thou, Lord, wouldst hide me in the grave, 670
In secret keep me till Thy wrath be past,
Appointing me a time ; and call me then.
If a man die, may he e'er live again ?
Through all the days of my appointed time
I would await, until my change should come ;
Then Thou shouldst call, and I would answer Thee,
For Thou wouldst yearn upon Thy handiwork.
For even now Thou numberest my steps,
And watchest me to hinder me from sin ;
Thou sealest my transgressions in a bag, 680
And Thou concealest mine iniquity.
The falling cliff in fragments scattereth ;
The earth-fast rock is from its place removed ;
The running waters wear away the stones,
And bit by bit the earth is washed away ;
E'en thus Thou witherest the hopes of man,
And ever Thou prevailest over him.
He passeth onward, and his countenance
Thou changest ; and Thou sendest him away.
His sons are honoured and he knoweth not, 690
Nor when they are brought low doth he perceive ;
But while he lives his flesh shall suffer pain,
And all his life his soul in him shall mourn.

Then Eliphaz the Temanite replied :

Doth it become the wise to speak vain things ?
Befits it him to puff himself with wind,
To reason with unprofitable talk,
Or with vain speeches to consume the time ?
Thy reverence thou castest far away,
And in God's presence thou restrainest prayer ; 700
For sin hath put his words upon thy tongue,
And the blasphemer's speech thou mak'st thy own.
Not I, but thine own mouth condemneth thee,
Yea, thy own lips against thee testify.
Art thou the first man that was ever born ?
Or wast thou made in times before the hills ?
And hast thou heard the secret of the Lord,
Unknown to all save to thyself alone ?
What knowest thou that is from us concealed ?
Or understandest that is not in us ? 710
With us are aged and grey-headed men,
Much older than thy father. Are they naught,
The consolations which God offereth ?
Or trustest thou in any secret thing ?
What rebel thoughts arise within thy heart ?
Why dost thou resolutely close thine eyes,
And let'st thy spirit swell against the Lord,
So that thy lips should utter words like thine ?
What is a man that he should e'er be clean,
Or he be righteous, of a woman born ? 720
Lo ! the Lord trusteth not His holy ones ;
Yea, in His sight the heavens are not clean ;
Then how much less, abominable man,
Who drinketh wickedness as slaking thirst.
Hear me, for what I know I will declare ;
And I will show thee that which I have seen ;
That which the wise have told, and have not hid,
Delivered to them by their sires of old,

Sires who inhabited their land alone,
And which no stranger's presence e'er defiled. 730
'The wicked ever travaileth with pain ;
And while the oppressor lingereth out his time,
A dreaded sound is ever in his ears ;
And while he liveth in prosperity,
In time unlooked for the destroyer comes.
He dareth not from shadows to emerge,
Looking on every side to meet the sword ;
He wandereth abroad to seek for bread,
Knowing his day of darkness is at hand.
Anguish and trouble shall affright his soul ; 740
They shall prevail against him, as a king
Prepared in overwhelming might for war.
(For against God he stretcheth forth his hand,
And strengtheneth himself against the Lord ;
He runneth on him as a bull would rush,
And trusteth in the bosses of his shield.
Fed to the full, what dare he not presume ?
Fat and well liking, who shall hinder him ?
He dwelleth in the cities desolate,
Places apart which none inhabiteth.) 750
He never shall be rich, nor shall his wealth
Continue with him ; nor shall he prolong
His substance in its perfectness on earth.
Out of the darkness ne'er shall he escape ;
His branches shall be withered in the flame ;
The Lord will breathe on him, and he shall die.
Then let not vain man trust in vanity,
For vanity shall be his recompense ;
Before his time his lot shall be fulfilled ;
His branch shall not be green ; he, like the vine, 760
Shall drop his grapes unripe, and cast his bloom
As doth the olive in the blighting wind.

The congregation of the hypocrites
 Shall utterly be desolate ; and fire
 Consume their tents, who practise bribery.
 For mischief they conceive, and bring forth sin
 From the abundance in their crafty heart.'

Then answering, Job said : I oft have heard
 Many such things as what ye now would teach.
 Ye all are miserable comforters.

770

These words of vanity ! shall they not cease ?
 Or what emboldeneth thee to further speech ?
 As ye speak I could speak ; were but your soul
 In place of mine, against you words on words
 I could heap up, and shake my head at you ;
 But I would strengthen you with loving lips,
 And with my sympathy assuage your grief.
 But though I speak my grief is not assuaged,
 And it nought easeth me if I forbear.
 But He hath made me weary of my life,
 And desolated all my family.

780

I am wrinkled up under Thy heavy hand,
 My leanness beareth witness to my face.
 He teareth me in wrath who hateth me,
 Gnashing in anger on me with his teeth,
 Sharpening his eager eyes on all I do.
 Lo, they have gaped upon me with their mouth,
 My face have smitten in their cruel scorn,
 Standing against me in their gathered bands.
 God hath delivered me to godless men,
 And turned me over unto wicked hands.
 I was at ease, but He hath broken me ;
 Hath seized me by the neck and shaken me.
 He maketh me His mark, His achers come
 Around me, sparing not, cleaving my reins,

790

And pouring out my gall upon the ground.
With breach on breach He breaketh me, and then
Runneth upon me as a giant runs.
Sackcloth I make the clothing of my skin ;
My horn of honour in the dust defiled ; 800
My face is foul with weeping ; and there rests,
Damp on mine eyelids, the blue shade of death.
But not for any wrong done at my hands ;
And all my prayer to my God is pure.
O earth ! O earth ! cover not thou my blood,
Nor let my cry have resting-place in thee.
E'en now behold ! My witness is on high ;
The record of my pleading is in heaven.
Scorned by my friends, I weep before the Lord.
O that a man might plead for one with God, 810
As a man pleadeth for his neighbour's right !
When my short years are passed, then I shall go
The way from whence I never shall return.
Spent is my spirit, and my days are gone.
The grave, with me no more a mockery,
Prepared, confronteth me before mine eyes.
Lay down Thy surety now to be my pledge ;
But who is he that will strike hands with me ?
For Thou hast hidden wisdom from their heart,
Nor wilt exalt them to a place of trust. 820
E'en children's eyes will fail to look to him,
The flatterer who faileth from his friend.
Lo, I am made a byword of the crowd !
Who erst was as a tabret listened to.
Shrunk to a shadow, eyes with sorrow dimmed,
The good shall wonder, and the innocent
Shall rouse himself against the hypocrite.
But still the righteous shall hold on his way,
And he who hath clean hands increase in strength.

But as for all of you, if ye depart 830
And come again, no wise one shall I find.
Days pass, thoughts fail, my purposes are marred ;
My night is day, and all my days are dark.
If I but wait, the grave shall be my home.
In darkness I have made my bed of rest ;
Thou, O corruption, art my father now !
My mother and my sister, thou, O worm !
Where are my hopes, and who shall see their fruit,
When this frail body shall have sought the tomb,
And found its resting-place amid the dust ? 840

Bildad the Shuhite answering, thus replied :
When will it be that thou wilt end thy words ?
Mark, and we then will speak. Why are we deemed
As beasts, and in thy sight reputed vile ?
He who is angry teareth his own soul.
Shall earth be now forsaken for thy sake ?
And shall the rock be from its place removed ?
Truly his light shall fail the wicked man,
Nor on his hearth shall glow the sparkling fire ;
The light in his pavilion shall be dark ; 850
The lamp he bears extinguished in his hands.
Straitened shall be the pacings of his strength ;
By his own counsel he shall be betrayed.
For his own feet shall bear him to the net ;
He walketh on the noose, and by the heel
Is taken, and his struggles shall be vain.
The snare is hidden for him in the ground,
The trap besets him in the way he goes.
Terrors on every side shall make him fear,
Scattering his trembling feet ; his strength shall fail 860
With hunger, and destruction at his side
Break in upon his pride of mightiness ;

And death's grim first-born shall devour his strength.
Faith from his dwelling driven, shall send to him
The king of terrors to inhabit there,
Usurping it ; and on it shall be sown
Brimstone, his roots burned up, his branches reft.
His memory shall perish from the earth,
And in the streets no more his name be known.
Driven from light to darkness, chased from the world, 870
No son, no nephew of his kindred left,
Nor any in his dwellings to remain.
All men to come shall marvel at his day,
As they who lived with him were terrified.
Such are the dwellings of the wicked man,
And such his state who knoweth not the Lord.

Job answered : How long will ye vex my soul,
And break me into pieces with your words ?
These ten times ye reproach me. Shame ye not
To make yourselves thus strange unto your friend ? 880
Be it that I have erred, the blame is mine.
If ye on me would magnify yourselves,
And if ye plead against me my reproach,
Now ye shall know that God hath overthrown,
And with His net hath compassed me about.
Lo, I cry out on wrong, and am not heard ;
I cry aloud, no judgment followeth.
He hath so fenced my way, I cannot pass ;
And with thick darkness He hath veiled my path ;
He hath stripped off my glory, and my crown 890
Hath taken from my head ; on every side
Hath made me desolate, and I am gone ;
Like a fallen tree, my hopes are rooted up.
His wrath the Lord hath kindled, counting me
One of His foes ; and His assembled troops

March down on me, encamping round my tent.
He hath put all my brethren far away,
And mine acquaintance are estranged from me ;
My kinsfolk fail, familiar friends forget ;
The dwellers in my house and my own maids 900
Count me a stranger alien to their eyes.
I called my servant, but he answered not
To my entreaty ; even to my wife
My breath is strange, though for our children's sakes
I pleaded, children that were hers and mine.
Yea, ev'n the youths despised me ; I arose,
And then they spake against me ; friends most dear
Abhorred me, and my loved ones turned away.
Fleshless, my bones are cleaving to my skin ;
My lips are shrunk, and all my teeth are bare. 910
Pity me, O my friends ! O pity me,
For God hath touched me with His heavy hand.
Content ye with my sufferings in the flesh,
Nor persecute me in the place of God.
Oh that my words were written ! would they were
Placed in a book, or with the iron pen
And lead for ever graven on the rock !
I know in truth that my Redeemer liveth,
And will at last over this dust arise ;
And though disease shall have destroyed my skin, 920
Yet in my flesh I shall behold the Judge,
Whom I shall see upon my side ; mine eyes
Looking to Him as not adverse to me.
My heart within me panteth at the thought.
But ask yourselves ! Why do we persecute
Him who is rooted in his innocence ?
O tremble then before the wrathful sword
Avenging for iniquity and sin ;
And oh, beware lest that it fall on you !

Then Zophar of Naamatha answered Job : 930
Now do my thoughts compel me to reply ;
And—for my haste is urgent—I must speak ;
For I have heard the check of my reproach,
And ready answer doth my mind supply.
Knowest thou not this, which is from time of old,
Ever since man was placed upon the earth,
How fleeting is the joy of wicked men,
How brief the triumph of the hypocrite ?
Though his prosperity mount up to heaven,
And though his lofty head should touch the clouds, 940
Yet as the vilest thing he perisheth,
And his acquaintance ask for him in vain.
Fled as a dream, no more shall he be found ;
Passed as a vision of the night away.
The eyes which saw him ne'er shall see him more ;
Nor shall his place behold him e'er again.
His sons shall ask for favours from the poor ;
His hands restore their goods to them he spoiled.
His youthful sins have entered in his bones,
No more to quit him till he fill the grave. 950
Though wickedness be sweet unto his taste,
And though he hide it underneath his tongue ;
Although he spare it as a cherished thing,
And though he still conceal it in his mouth ;
Yet in his bowels shall the food be turned,
And shall become the gall of asps within.
The wealth he swallowed he shall vomit up,
His ill-got riches God shall cast away ;
He shall suck in the poison of the asp,
The viper's tongue shall slay him ; ne'er his eyes 960
Shall look upon the streams that flowed for him,
Honey in rivers, butter like the brooks,
Laid up in store for him for many years.

That which he laboured for shall he restore,
Not making it his own for use or joy,
But to the uttermost restoring all.
Because that he forsook and crushed the poor,
Taking their dwellings which he builded not ;
Because his appetite o'erleaped all bound ;
Because nought satisfied his avarice, 970
And nought escaped from his rapacity :
Therefore shall his prosperity depart ;
Even in his fulness he shall be in straits,
Beset on every side by wicked men.
When for his meat he looketh, God shall cast
The fury of His wrath upon his soul,
And pour it on him while he snatcheth food.
Vain from the iron weapon is his flight,
The deadly bow of steel shall strike him through.
His terror comes ; the gleaming sword is drawn, 980
And pierceth through his body and his gall.
To him his secret places shall be dark ;
A fire whose fierceness needeth not the fan
Consumeth the oppressor. Ill shall fare
All those belonging to him in his tent.
The heavens shall his iniquity reveal ;
The earth shall bear its witness to his sin ;
The increase of his house shall be destroyed ;
All his possessions shall be swept away.
This is the portion of the wicked man, 990
The heritage appointed him of God.

But Job replied : Attend ye to my speech ;
Content yourselves with hearing what I say ;
Suffer me for a time that I may speak,
And if ye list, ye afterwards can mock.
Is my complaint to man ? And if it were,

Why should I not be troubled ? Mark me now ;
Marvel, and lay your hand upon your mouth ;
I am afraid when I consider it,
And trembling taketh hold upon my flesh. 1000
Why do the wicked live ? and why attain
Old age, and pride themselves on wealth and power ?
They see their seed established in their sight,
Their offspring flourishing before their eyes ;
Their houses safe from danger and from fear ;
Nor rests on them in wrath the rod of God.
Lusty their cattle, failing not of young ;
Calveth their cow, and casteth not her calf ;
They send abroad their children like a flock,
Dancing in frolic and in careless joy ; 1010
The merry timbrel and the pipe's sweet tones
Intrance their souls with sounds of melody.
In health and wealth they pass their jocund days,
And suddenly without disease they die.
Therefore they say unto the Lord, Depart !
We wish not for the knowledge of Thy ways !
For what is the Almighty ? Where the gain
We should obtain by service or by prayer ?
[But ye,] ' Their welfare rests not in themselves.'
Far be from me the counsel of such men ; 1020
Yet, Is it often that their candle fails ?
Or that destruction overtaketh them ?
Or that God sendeth sorrows in His wrath ?
Lo ! they should be as chaff before the wind,
As driven leaves borne off upon the storm.
[But ye,] ' The Lord will lay it on his seed.'
But God should punish him, and he should feel,
And his own self should know his recompense,
And drink the cup of the Almighty's wrath.
What reckoneth he of what befalls his house, 1030

When his allotted time on earth is done ?
Shall any one teach wisdom to the Lord,
Who judgeth all the mighty of the earth ?
One dieth in perfection of his strength,
Milk in his breasts, and marrow in his bones ;
Another in his bitterness of soul,
Who ne'er hath tasted the delights of life.
Down in the dust they both alike shall lie,
And equally the worms shall cover them.
Lo ! well I know your thoughts and your device, 1040
Whereby ye think that ye will bear me down.
' Where is the prince's house ? ' ye say ; ' and where
The dwelling-places of the wicked men ? '
But ask ye now of any travelled man,
Observant of their tokens, he will say,
' The wicked is not punished with destruction,
But is led on until the day of wrath.
Who shall declare his way unto his face ?
And who repay him for his evil deeds ?
His body shall be borne unto the grave, 1050
And guardians set to watch before his tomb ;
Pleasant the valley of his burial,
And numberless as those who went before
All they to come shall follow after him.'
How can ye comfort me with vanities
While falsehood in your answers doth remain ?

Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite :
Can any man so benefit the Lord,
As a wise man may benefit himself ?
Is thy uprightness profit unto God, 1060
Or is thy perfectness a gain to Him ?
Will He admonish thee for fear of thee,
Or with thee enter into rivalry ?

How infinite thy wickedness and sin !
Thou from thy brother took'st a pledge for nought,
And stripped the clothing from the destitute ;
Thou gav'st no water to the weary one,
And from the hungry hast withholden bread ;
The strong right arm alone obtained the land,
The right in it upheld by might alone ; 1070
Thou hast thrust forth the widow from thy door ;
From thee the fatherless hath suffered wrong :
Therefore thou art beset around with snares,
And sudden fears oppress and trouble thee ;
Or darkness deepens, that thou may'st not see,
And overwhelming waters cover thee.
Dwelleth not God above the height of heaven ?
Behold how high the stars ! And then thou say'st,
' How doth God know ? Can He judge through the cloud ?
Thick clouds enclosing Him, He seeth not, 1080
And He concerneth Him with things of heaven.'
Thou tread'st in truth the paths, which wicked men
Have trodden in the times of old, cut down
Before their time, and with a flood o'erwhelmed ;
Who in their waywardness bade God depart,
Denying the Almighty's benefits ;
Who yet with plenty had their houses filled.
Far be from me the counsel of such men.
The righteous mark their judgment, and rejoice ;
The innocent, deriding them, exclaim, 1090
' Our foes are all cut off, their substance burned.'
Acquaint thyself with God, rest in the Lord,
And thereby shalt thou profit. From His mouth
Receive His law, and lay it to thy heart.
If thou return to the almighty God,
He will rebuild thee. Thou shalt put away
Iniquity and sin far from thy tents.

Then shalt thou gather to thee gold as dust,
And gold of Ophir as the pebble stones.
Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, 1100
And as abundant silver, strengthen thee ;
For then the Almighty shall be thy delight,
And thou shalt lift thy face unto the Lord.
Then shalt thou make thy prayer unto thy God,
And He shall hear, and thou shalt pay thy vows.
Thou shalt determine, and it shall be done,
And light from God shall shine upon thy ways.
Thou shalt encourage those who are cast down ;
For thou canst tell them that the Lord will save
The humble, even though not innocent. 1110
Thus shall thy purity deliver them.

Then Job : Ah ! deem ye bitter my complaint ?
God's stroke is heavier than all my groans.
O that I knew where I might find the Lord !
O that I might approach Him on His throne !
Before His greatness I would plead my cause,
And I would fill my mouth with arguments.
Then I should hear the words that He would speak,
And understand what He would answer me.
Will He with His great power against me plead ? 1120
Far be it from Him, He would not accuse ;
Then might the righteous argue with the Lord,
And I should be acquitted by my Judge.
Lo ! I go forward, and He is not there ;
Nor can I find Him in my backward path ;
Left hand He worketh, but I cannot see ;
Nor can behold Him on the right concealed :
But He, omniscient, knoweth all my ways ;
Tried by the Lord, I shall come forth as gold.
My foot hath followed in His steps, His paths 1130

Have held me straight, nor have I thence declined.
The laws which He hath given, I have kept,
And have esteemed His word above my food.
But who shall turn aside the stedfast God,
Who worketh out the purpose of His will ?
For He performeth that ordained to me.
And who shall count the sum of His designs ?
Therefore it is His presence troubleth me ;
And when I think on Him I am afraid.
For He hath melted in me all my heart, 1140
And I am troubled at His mightiness.
Why did He take me not ere darkness came,
And covered not my face from all this woe ?
Why, as no times are hidden from the Lord,
Do they, who know Him, not discern his days ?
Men remove landmarks, seize and eat the herds,
Drive off the orphan's ass, the widow's ox ;
They turn aside the needy from the way,
To herd together and to hide themselves.
Wild as the desert ass, they work at will, 1150
Rising betimes for prey ; the wilderness
Yieldeth for them and for their children food.
They reap the crops in corn-fields not their own,
And gather in their vintage where they will.
They seize the clothing, while the naked lodge
Without uncovered from the bitter cold,
And, wet with mountain rain, all shelterless,
Embrace the rock for refuge from the storm.
They pluck the orphan from the widow's arms !
A pledge from her in her necessity, 1160
Nor clothe him while he serves them as a slave.
The men are famished that bring home their sheaves ;
While they who crush the oil within their walls,
And in their winepress tread the foaming must,

Amid the liquid plenty faint for thirst.
Groans rise from out the city ; wounded men
Send up their feeble cry : and yet the Lord
Delayeth still His judgment on their sins.
Associates they with those who shun the light,
Hating its paths, avoiding open ways. 1170
Murderers rising with the early dawn,
Greedy, yet poor, refraining not from blood,
And safely stealing in the dead of night.
Adulterers disguised, whose eyes await
The twilight in the hope of secrecy.
Thieves digging into houses in the dark,
Concealed all day, for they abhor the light ;
To them the dawn is as the shade of death,
If seen they are in terror for their life.
Accursed should be the waters for their sake ; 1180
Accursed should be their portion on the land ;
Nor should they walk the paths with honest men.
As in the heat the snowdrift melts away,
So should the sinner rot within the grave,
Forgotten by his mother, food for worms ;
Iniquity be broken like a tree.
Ill fares the barren woman at his hands,
Nor comforts he the widow in her grief ;
The mighty man he draweth with his strength,
And when he riseth no man's life is sure. 1190
But yet ! God granteth such to live secure,
Although He watcheth all their evil ways,
Exalted for their time, and then they die,
Removed as ears of corn in harvest time,
Taken away as others to the tomb.
Who shall deny it, who shall say I lie,
And make my argument of nothing worth ?

Bildad the Shuhite then replying, said :
 Fear and dominion ever are with God ;
 He is above, He doeth all His will. 1200
 Who shall count up the number of His host ?
 Or what is hid from His all-searching light ?
 How then can man be justified with God ?
 Or he be pure who is of woman born ?
 Behold the moon, to Him it is not bright,
 Nor in His sight the stars of heaven are pure :
 By how much less a man who is corrupt,
 Or son of man who only is a worm.
 Shades of the mighty quake before the Lord,
 Beneath the waters and their teeming life, 1210
 Naked before Him lies their resting-place ;
 From Him destruction hath no covering.
 He stretcheth out the north o'er empty space,
 And o'er the boundless void suspendeth earth.
 He bindeth up the waters in His clouds,
 Nor with their weighty burden do they rend.
 He holdeth back the glory of His throne,
 Spreading the curtain of His cloud before.
 He to the waterfloods hath set their bounds,
 So long as light and darkness shall endure. 1220
 Heaven's pillars, marvelling, quake at His rebuke ;
 His power gives voice to the tumultuous sea,
 His wisdom calms it in its wildest mood.
 His Spirit garnisheth the heaven with stars, .
 Clustered in mighty mazes at His will.
 Behold, all these are portions of His ways,
 But yet how small the most that we can know !
 And who can gauge the thunder of His power ?

Then Job replied : How hast thou helped the weak, .
 And strength afforded to the feeble arm, 1230

Hast given counsel to the ignorant,
 And hast traced out the matter as it is ?
 Whose were these words before thou mad'st them thine ?
 And in what spirit hast thou spoken them ?
 As the Lord liveth, who hath vexed my soul,
 And taken away my judgment, while I live,
 And in my nostrils breathe the breath He gave,
 My lips shall never utter wickedness,
 Nor shall my tongue deceive. The Lord forbid
 That I should justify your blame of me ! 1240
 Till death I will not cast away my truth,
 Nor lose my grasp upon my righteousness ;
 My heart shall not reproach me while I live.
 As fare the wicked, so let fare my foe.
 With the unrighteous let his lot be cast ;
 For what can be the hope of hypocrites,
 Whate'er their gain, when God demands their soul ?
 Will God, when trouble cometh, hear his cry ?
 In the Almighty doth he take delight ?
 And hath he always called upon the Lord ? 1250
 What needs to teach the dealings of our God,
 Or spread before you His almighty deeds ?
 Lo ! ye yourselves have seen them with your eyes.
 Why then are ye thus altogether vain ?

Then Zophar of Naamatha, answering, said :
 This is the portion of the wicked man,
 And this is the oppressor's heritage,
 Which he receives at God's almighty hand.
 If he have children, they are for the sword ;
 His offspring shall not fill themselves with bread ; 1260
 Those who survive him soon shall fill the grave,
 Nor shall his widows weep or wail for them.
 Although he heap up silver as the dust,

And store up raiment as one gathers clay,
 He may prepare it, but the just shall wear,
 The innocent his silver shall divide.
 His house he buildeth even as the moth,
 Or as his booth the watcher in the field.
 The rich man lieth down without content,
 Nor findeth it on rising in the morn ; 1270
 Terrors take hold upon him as a flood.
 At night a tempest sweepeth him away ;
 He goeth, carried on the eastern blast,
 Hurl'd from his place upon the driving storm ;
 For God shall cast upon him, sparing not,
 And vainly striveth he to flee from Him.
 Men clap their hands when he is driven away,
 And hiss him from his place of pride with scorn.

Then Job took up his parable, and said :
 Man seeks for silver, and lays bare the vein ; 1280
 He makes the furnace, and refineth gold ;
 He diggeth ore of iron from the earth,
 And from the molten stone he runneth brass ;
 He delveth in the place where dwelleth night,
 And searcheth in it to the utmost bounds,
 For stones of darkness and the shade of death.
 He bringeth forth the water from the depths,
 Water that ne'er before had wetted foot,
 Sunk in the earth, and far away from man.
 Out of the earth he bringeth forth his bread ; 1290
 And from beneath it fuel for his fire ;
 Sapphires among its stones, and dust of gold.
 He treads a path no wing hath ever tried,
 And which no vulture's piercing eye hath seen ;
 A path ne'er trodden by the lion's whelps,
 Nor their fierce dam hath ever traversed it.

Man putteth forth his hand upon the rock,
He diggeth into mountains at their base ;
He cutteth water-channels in the stone,
And his eye seeth every precious thing ; 1300
He bridleth the floods from overflow,
And hidden things he bringeth to the light.
But where is wisdom ? where is wisdom found ?
And in what place doth understanding dwell ?
Man knoweth not the price to buy it for,
Nor finds it in the land wherein he lives.
The depth of earth saith it is not in me ;
The boundless ocean too denieth it.
Gold cannot purchase it, nor for its price
Shall silver in the balances be weighed. 1310
With it all valueless is Ophir's gold,
The precious onyx, and the sapphire stone ;
Crystal nor gold can ever equal it,
Nor with it jewels of fine gold exchange.
With it nor pearls nor coral shall be named,
For far beyond all gems is wisdom's price.
With it nor Ethiop topaz shall compare,
Nor is it valued with the purest gold.
From whence then cometh wisdom ? where the place
Where understanding can be found of men ? 1320
For it is hidden from all living eyes,
And from the fowls of air is kept concealed.
Death and destruction know no more of it,
Than that its fame re-echoes in their ears.
God only understandeth wisdom's ways,
Its dwelling-place is known to Him alone ;
For His eye penetrates the ends of earth,
And searcheth through the wide expanse of heaven.
He is the Lord, who weigheth out the winds,
And measureth the waters in His hand ; 1330

He only for the rain hath made a law,
And marked a pathway for the thunder flash.
He saw it and declared it, He prepared
And searched it out; and unto man He said,
Lo! this is wisdom, That ye fear the Lord.
And understanding, To depart from sin.

Then Job continued his discourse, and said:
Oh that I were as in the months gone by,
As in the days when God watched over me;
When o'er my head His light protecting shined, 1340
And by His guidance I through darkness walked;
When in my strength my days were passing on,
And o'er my tent the shelter of the Lord;
When the Almighty yet was favouring me,
And when my children circled me around;
When butter laved my footsteps, and the stones
Poured forth for me their flowing streams of oil.
When I passed through the city to the gate,
When in the street my seat was placed for me,
The young men saw me, and withdrew themselves;
The aged rose and stood upon their feet; 1351
The princes of the land refrained from speech,
And laid the hand upon the closing lip;
The voices of the noble men were hushed,
And silent in the mouth the tongue remained.
When the ear heard, it blessed me for my words,
And then the eyes that saw me testified.
For aye I helped the poor man when he cried,
The fatherless, and him that had no aid;
The blessings of the miserable man 1360
Ready to perish followed after me;
I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy;
I put on righteousness, an ample vest,
And justice was my robe and diadem.

Eyes to the blind was I, feet to the lame,
A father to the poor; and any cause
I knew not, I searched out with diligence.
I brake the jaw-teeth of the wicked man,
And from his very fangs I plucked the spoil.
Men listened, silent, waiting on my words, 1370
And when I ceased then spake they not again,
For softly dropped my speech upon their ears.
They waited for me as for freshening dew,
Opening the mouth as for the latter rain.
If I laughed on them, then with me they laughed,
Shaping their countenance to mirth with mine.
I chose their way, and sat with them as chief,
Dwelt as a king among his armed men,
Supreme as one to comfort those who mourn.
'Twas then I thought, I in my nest shall die, 1380
And, like the phoenix, shall my days renew.
Close by the waters then my root was spread,
All night upon my branches lay the dew,
My glory fresh within me welling up,
And in my hand I grasped my bow of strength.
But now slight men deride me, men whose sires
I barely should have evened with my dogs.
What was to me the labour of their hands,
Who gat no vigour with their ripening years?
Living alone in famine and in want, 1390
Hid in the wilderness till yesternight
Amid its desolation and its waste;
Culling the desert herb and mallow bush,
With roots of juniper to dress their food;
Driven from out the places where they dwelt;
Cried after as men cry upon a thief,
To seek a dwelling in the valley cliffs,
In rocks and in the caves beneath the earth;

Braying among the bushes where they herd ;
Gathered together in the thorny brake ; 1400
Children of fools, the lowest of the low,
And base ones viler than the very clay.
But now I am their byword and their song,
And they abhor me ; but, while shunning me,
Spare not to cast their spittle in my face.
Because the Mighty One hath loosed my cord,
And hath afflicted me, they spurn restraint ;
They rise on my right hand, they push my feet,
And raise against me their injurious ways ;
They mar my path, and jest upon my grief ; 1410
Requiring no abettors, on they come
Like the wide breaking surges in a flood,
Rolling in desolation over me.
Terrors are turned upon me, they pursue,
And like a storm they overwhelm my soul,
Driving away my welfare as a cloud.
And now my heart is melted in my breast ;
Days of affliction seize me in their grasp ;
My bones are pierced within me ; in the night
My sinews take no rest ; my garments cling 1420
Swathing around me in my restlessness.
Thou, Lord, hast cast me down into the mire,
I am become like ashes and like dust.
I make my cry to Thee, Thou hearest not ;
I stand before Thee, but Thou dost not heed.
Cruel to me, O Lord, Thou art become !
Opposing me with Thine almighty hand.
Thou lift'st me up to ride upon the wind,
Dissolving all my substance, for I know
That Thou wilt bring me to the gate of death, 1430
The home appointed for all living men.
But in a fall man stretcheth forth his hand,

And in calamity he will complain.
Did not I weep for him that was in grief?
Was not my soul in trouble for the poor?
Yet when I looked for good, then evil came,
And darkness while I waited for the light.
My heart within me burned, and rested not;
The days of my affliction mastered me,
My grief unlightened by one beam from heaven. 1440
Before you then I stood and raised my cry.
I am akin to dragons, dwell with owls;
My skin is blackened, and my bones are burned;
My sounding harp sends forth but notes of wail;
My voice but frames the words of those who weep.

With mine own eyes a covenant I made,
And ev'n in thought I kept my chastity;
For what can man expect from God above,
Or from the Almighty what inheritance,
If not destruction for the wicked man, 1450
For sinners some unlooked-for punishment?
Doth He not see my ways, and count my steps?
If I have ever walked with vanity,
Or if my foot hath hasted to deceit,
Then let me in the balances be weighed,
That God may judge of mine integrity.
Yea, if my step have turned from out the way,
Or if my heart hath yielded to mine eyes,
Or to my hands if any blot hath cleaved,
Then let me sow, and let another eat, 1460
And let whate'er I plant be rooted out.
If e'er my heart by woman was deceived,
Or I have laid wait at my neighbour's door,
Then let my wife unto another grind,
Yielding to others: for a heinous crime
Were this, and calling on the Judge for punishment;

It were a fire consuming unto death,
 A sin that would root all my increase out.
 If my man-servant's or maid-servant's cause,
 Contending with me, I have e'er despised, 1470
 What shall I do if God arise to judge?
 What shall I say to soften punishment?
 Is not our Father and our Maker one?
 If from the poor I have withheld their due,
 Or I have caused the widow's eyes to weep;
 If I have eaten of my meals alone,
 Denied their portion to the fatherless,—
 For as my foster-brother he has been,
 And she has been my sister from my birth;—
 If e'er the naked perished in my sight, 1480
 Or, when the poor lacked covering, if his loins
 Blessed me not for the comfort of my fleece;
 If I have ever struck the fatherless
 With friends to aid me waiting in the gate,
 Then let mine arm fall from the shoulder-blade,
 And utterly be broken from the bone;
 For aye I feared destruction from the Lord,
 Nor would oppose the mightiness of God.
 If I have ever placed my hope in gold,
 Or said to gold, Thou art my confidence; 1490
 If I rejoiced because my wealth was great,
 And in my hands my goods had multiplied;
 If my lands cry on me, or fields complain
 That I have eaten of their fruits for nought,
 Or caused the owners of them to be slain;
 Let thistles grow for me instead of wheat,
 And for my crops of barley noxious weeds.
 If, when the sun was shining in his strength,
 Or crescent moon was walking on in light,
 My heart hath e'er been secretly enticed, 1500

Or I have kissed my hand in reverence ;
This were a sin to lay before the Judge,
For I should have denied the Lord above.
I never gloried in my foe's destruction,
Priding myself when evil found him out ;
Not even suffered I my mouth to sin,
By calling for a curse upon his soul.
The people of my tent have ever said,
Where is the hungry whom he hath not filled ?
The stranger never rested in the street, 1510
My doors stood open to the traveller.
I ne'er concealed, as is the wont of men,
My faults, by hiding them within my breast.
I feared not multitudes, nor counted tribes,
That silent I should hide within my home.
O that I might be heard ! O that the Lord
Would answer me ! Would that my enemy
Had written down my deeds ; for I would take
His book and bind it on me for my crown ;
And all my steps would I declare to him, 1520
Not as a criminal, but as a prince.

Then did these three men cease to answer Job,
Because he held himself a righteous man.
Then Elihu, Barachel's son of Buz,
Of Aram's kindred, felt his spirit stirred
At Job, self-justified before the Lord.
His anger, too, was kindled at the three,
The friends of Job, that they condemned their friend,
Yet found no answer to his arguments.
Elihu delayed till Job had made an end, 1530
For all of them were elder men than he ;
Then, when he found the three without reply,
His wrath was kindled at them, and he spake :

I am but young, while ye are very old,
Wherefore it shamed me to put forth my thoughts ;
For I reflected, length of days should speak
With wisdom from its multitude of years.
But yet man hath a spirit, which, inspired
By the Almighty, giveth understanding.
I thought, as great men are not always wise, 1540
Nor judgment waiteth only upon age,
That ye might listen while that I would speak.
Lo ! on your lips I waited, and I heard,
Clothed in your choicest words, your arguments ;
I earnestly attended, and, behold,
Not one of you refuted Job ; not one
Answered his words, or showed that ye are wise.
It is not man that breaketh him, but God.
Not against me his wingèd words he spake,
Nor with your speeches will I answer him. 1550

They were amazed ; they answered not again ;
They found no words in which they should reply.
Therefore I waited ; still they did not speak ;
They hesitated, but no answer came.

Then I, my part in this I now will bear,
And mine opinion I will also show ;
For I am full of matter, and my soul
Constraineth me ; my heart is like to burst,
As wine-jars newly filled with foaming wine.
I will relieve myself with flow of speech, 1560
Opening my burdened lips for utterance.
Let me, I pray you, be impartial now,
Nor flattering titles give to any man.
I know not, should I flattering titles give,
How soon my God would take me from my place ;
Therefore I pray thee, Job, to hear my words,
And hearken unto all that I shall say.

Lo ! I have ventured to unclothe my lips,
And in my mouth my tongue is prompt to speak ;
My heart's uprightness shall supply my words, 1570
And what I know my mouth shall clearly say ;
The Spirit of the Lord informeth me,
God's breath breathes life into my feeble words.
If thou canst answer me, arrange thy speech
And stand against me. Lo ! as thou didst wish,
I am in place of God, but formed of clay,
Armed with no terrors that can make thee fear,
Nor on thee can my hand bear heavily.
But thou hast surely spoken in mine ears,
And I have heard the words, in which thou saidst, 1580
' I am without transgression, I am clean,
Without iniquity, and innocent.
He seeketh out occasion to my hurt ;
He counteth me to be His enemy ;
My feet He setteth fast within the stocks,
And narrowly He watcheth all my ways.'
Behold, in this thou errest from the right.
I answer that, as God is more than man,
Thou shouldst not set thyself to strive with Him ;
He for His doings answereth to none. 1590
God sendeth oftentimes, but who doth heed,
In dreams, in visions of the night, when sleep
Falleth on men, in slumberings on the bed,
His revelations to the sons of men,
With holy teachings, and He sealeth them,
That He may change man's heart and soften it,
His soul to rescue from the darksome pit,
His life from perishing beneath the sword ;
Then pains to chasten him upon his bed,
And aches in his multitude of bones, 1600
So that his soul abhors his daily food,

Nor can be tempted with the daintiest fare ;
His flesh is wasted, and his bones are seen,
His life in reach of the destroyer's grasp,
Yea, draweth near his soul unto the grave.
Then if, among these messengers, there come
One of a thousand, the interpreter,
To show unto the man the way of life,
Then God is gracious to him, and He saith,
I have his ransom, save him from the pit. 1610
Then shall his flesh come fresher than a child's,
And days of youth and health shall then return.
Thus he hath learned to pray unto the Lord,
Who dealt with him in mercy, and with joy
Submitting him to that Almighty One
Who rendereth to man His righteousness.
Then before men he singeth in his joy,
And saith, ' I sinned, and I perverted right,
Yet was it not requited unto me.
From the dark pit the Lord redeemed my soul, 1620
And now with joy my life beholdeth light.'
Lo ! these things worketh God oftentimes with man,
Back from the grave his painful soul to bring,
To be enlightened with the light of life.
Mark well, O Job ! and hearken unto me,
And I will speak if thou wilt hold thy peace.
If thou hast anything to say, reply,
For I desire to see thee justified ;
If not, then keep thou silence while I speak,
And while I teach thee wisdom, thou attend. 1630
Then Elihu continued, and he said :
O men of wisdom, hearken to my words,
Ye that have knowledge, bend your ears to me,
For aye the ear instructed trieth speech,
As the maturèd palate tasteth meat.

Let us discriminate in this with care,
And for ourselves determine what is good.
For Job hath said, 'I am a righteous man ;
The Lord hath not yet judged me, yet wrong
Is done me while I suffer punishment, 1640
And yet no sin.' Where is one like Job ?
Who drinketh scorn like water, pressing on
With evil-doers, walking with wicked men.
For he hath said, 'It profiteth a man
Nought that he should delight himself in God.'
Therefore, ye wise men, hearken unto me.
Far from the Lord be wickedness, and far
Injustice from the Judge of all the world.
For as man worketh giveth He to man,
Requiting each according to his deeds. 1650
Yea, surely God will not do wickedly,
Nor judgment will the Almighty One pervert.
Who o'er the earth hath given God the charge ?
Or who disposed the boundless universe ?
If against man the Lord should set His heart,
Gathering up his spirit and his breath,
All flesh should perish, man return to dust.
If thou hast understanding, hear my words,
And hearken carefully to what I say.
Shall he be governor who hateth right ? 1660
And Him who is all-just wilt thou condemn ?
Addressest thou the king as 'Wicked one' ?
Or noble princes as 'Ungodly men' ?
How then the Lord, who hath not in regard
The princes' persons, nor respecteth more
The rich than poor ? for He hath made them all.
Even in a moment shall the people die,—
Troubled at midnight, gone before the morn,
The mighty and the powerless struck down.

His eye beholdeth all the ways of men, 1670
Their doings are laid bare before the Lord ;
Darkness concealeth not, death hath no shade,
Where they who work iniquity may hide.
Ne'er presseth He too heavily on man,
That he should strive in judgment with his God.
The Lord shall break in pieces mighty men
Unnumbered, setting others in their place ;
He knoweth all their works, and in a night
He overturneth them, and they are crushed.
He striketh them, as criminals are struck, 1680
Openly in the place where all may see ;
Because they turned aside from following Him,
Nor any of His ways would they regard ;
So that they drave the poor to call on Him,
Who heareth the afflicted when they cry.
Who can make trouble, when He giveth rest ?
And when He hideth, who may see His face,
Be it a nation or a single man ?
And this that ne'er the hypocrite may reign,
Nor under him the people be ensnared. 1690
It is but meet to say unto the Lord,
Thy stripes I bear, I will no more offend ;
That which I see not, teach Thou unto me ;
If I have sinned, I now will sin no more.'
Art thou thus minded ? For the Lord will judge
Whether thou choosest or thou dost refuse.
It is not mine to judge. Speak then thy mind.
For men of understanding think with me,
And wise men hearing me will say the same,
That without knowledge Job hath spoken it, 1700
Wanting the wisdom to restrain his tongue.
I wish that Job be tried unto the end,
Because he answereth for wicked men ;

For he doth add rebellion to his sin,
 • Clappeth his hands among us, and again
 He multiplieth words against the Lord.

Still Elihu proceeded, and he said :
 Thinkest thou, Job, this right which thou didst say ?
 ‘ My righteousness is more than God’s.’ For these
 Thy words, ‘ Wherein advantageth it me, 1710
 Or what my profit cleansing me from sin ?’
 I will reply to thee and to thy friends.
 Look to the heavens with thine eyes, and see !
 Behold the floating clouds above thee far !
 Thou sinnest ; what does that affect the Lord ?
 Or what howe’er thou multipliest sin ?
 If thou be righteous, giv’st thou aught to Him ?
 Or is it aught He gaineth at Thy hands ?
 Thy wickedness may hurt a man like thee,
 Or he may profit by thy righteous deed. 1720
 Men under multitude of wrong will cry,
 Or groan when smitten by a mighty man ;
 Yet no one questioneth his Maker, God,
 Because he suffereth this tyranny.
 He teacheth them beyond the beasts of earth,
 Making them wiser than the fowls of air ;
 Yet under violence the people groan,
 And when they cry to Him He answereth not ;
 Still none conceiveth that He doth not hear,
 Or that the Lord regardeth not their prayer, 1730
 Much less shouldst thou complain thou seest Him not.
 With Him is justice : wait then for the Lord ;
 And if He suffer long, reject thy thought
 That He, unnoting it, condoneth sin.
 But in his folly Job hath spoken it,
 And without sense hath multiplied his words.
 Suffer me yet a little. I will shew

What I shall speak upon behalf of God.
I will bring up my knowledge from afar,
And will defend my Maker's righteousness ; 1740
For there shall be no falsehood in my words ;
Perfect in knowledge he who speaks to thee.
Lo ! God is mighty, but despiseth none ;
Mighty in strength, in wisdom infinite.
The life of sinners He preserveth not,
But to the poor and lowly doeth right ;
From righteous men withdraweth not His eyes,
But setteth them with kings upon the throne,
Establishing and placing them on high ;
And if at times in fetters they are bound, 1750
And with affliction's cords be holden down,
Then putteth He their deeds before their eyes,
And sheweth them wherein they have transgressed ;
He openeth their ear to discipline,
Commanding them that they return from sin.
If they obey, and serve the Lord, their life
Shall smoothly glide along through prosperous days
To years of happiness vouchsafed to them.
But if they disobey His righteous law,
Then they shall perish underneath the sword, 1760
And in their ignorance the men shall die.
But they who in their hearts are hypocrites
Provoke the wrath of God upon themselves ;
They cry not when He bindeth them ; they fall
In youth, and have their life with the unclean.
He from oppression liberates the poor,
If the affliction openeth their ears.
So had the Lord thee from thy strait removed
Into a place not closed, but fair and large,
With good things full of fatness on thy board ; 1770
But as a wicked man thou plead'st thy cause,

And therefore art thou sentenced as for sin.
Oh that in wrath He take thee not away !
For then no ransom can deliver thee.
Will He regard thy cry ? Not in thy wrath,
Nor will He heed the struggles of thy strength.
Nought shall it profit thee to call for night :
No place, no darkness, where He cannot seize.
Take heed unto thyself, affect not sin,
Which thou hast chosen rather than affliction. 1780
The Lord exalteth by His majesty.
Like Him who teacheth ? who directeth Him ?
Or who can say of Him He worketh sin ?
Remember that thou magnify His works,
Which near and far on all sides men behold,
And wondering contemplate His mightiness.
God is too great for us to comprehend,
Nor can we search the number of His years.
He is the Lord who sheddeth down the dew,
And from its vapour poureth forth the rain, 1790
Dropping in rich abundance upon man.
Who can describe the spreadings of His clouds,
His dark pavilion with its thunderous sounds,
Bathed in a brilliancy of light above,
And glooming all the depths that lie below ?
He sendeth them in judgment upon man,
And they purvey abundantly his food.
The light He intercepteth with His clouds,
Sweeping at His command 'twixt earth and heaven,
Sending abroad their sounds to herald them, 1800
Their driving storm-scent o'er the snorting herds.
Before such power my trembling heart is moved
Hear ye the voice that breaketh on your ears !
The awful sound proceeding from His mouth,
Sent forth as He directeth under heaven ;

His lightning shining to the ends of earth,
 And on the flash a voice in crashing roar,
 Rolling around in power its thundering tones,
 Prolonged in booming resonance of sound ;
 And men confess the wondrous voice of God. 1810
 His mighty deeds we cannot comprehend :
 He sendeth snow to lie upon the earth ;
 The gentle shower and rain in heavy storm ;
 He sealeth up the hand of every man,
 That all mankind may see and know His work.
 Then seek the beasts their dens, and take their rest.
 Out of the chambers of the burning south
 Cometh the whirlwind ; from the north the cold ;
 The frost is borne upon the breath of God,
 And lo ! the waters in their breadth are bound. 1820
 He wearieth the clouds in dropping rain ;
 And scattereth o'er the sky His wreaths of light,
 Sent at His will His mandates to perform,
 In wandering o'er the surface of the world,
 Whether it be to visit as a scourge,
 Or in His mercy slake the thirst of earth.
 Harken to this, O Job, and keep thou still,
 And ponder well the wondrous works of God.
 Know'st thou when God disposed them ? when He
 caused
 Light from His cloud to shine ? or dost thou know 1830
 The weighments of the clouds, the wondrous works
 Of Him in knowledge perfect and in power ?
 Knowest thou even how thy garments warm
 When the soft south wind quieteth the earth ?
 Or didst thou lend thine aid to spread the sky,
 So firm, and as a molten mirror clear ?
 Teach me, O teach me, what to say to God !
 Dismayed ! In darkness ! Language fails me now ;

It needeth not to tell Him that I speak :
 Nought from my lips is hidden from the Lord. 1840

But lo ! no longer struggling through the clouds,
 Swept by the blast away, the light broke forth
 In splendour from the north all golden-hued ;
 The majesty of God is terrible.
 Who comprehendeth the almighty God ?
 In might almighty, and in judgment true ;
 Just, that He portioneth His punishments ;
 Therefore men fear, for God doth not respect
 Such as are wise in wisdom of their own.

Then from the whirlwind spake the Lord to Job : 1850
 Who darkeneth counsel with his flow of words ?
 Words without knowledge. Gird thou now thyself,
 As a man girds his loins, and answer me
 That which I question. Where, I ask, wast thou
 When the foundations of the earth I laid ?
 If thou hast understanding, now declare.
 Knowest thou who laid the measurings thereof ?
 Or who stretched over it the guiding line ?
 On what the earth's foundations were sunk down ?
 Or who made sure the mighty corner-stone, 1860
 What time the morning stars lift up their voice,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy ?
 Or who closed up the gates upon the sea,
 When it brake forth as from the world's vast womb ;
 When for its garment I spread out the cloud,
 And thickest darkness for its swaddling band ;
 And made it bars and doors, and gave it laws
 That hereto but no farther it might come,
 The bounds at which its baffled waves were stayed ?
 Didst thou command the morning since thy time ? 1870

Or guide the amber dayspring to its place,
That it might plume the glowing wings of earth,
And shake the wicked from their sheltering shade ?
Marking the earth as signet marks the clay,
Unveiling all its garb distinct and clear ;
Withdrawing from the wicked men their time,
And breaking down the arm of violence.
Hast thou descended to the ocean springs,
Or hast thou walked below to search the depth ?
Have death's dark portals opened unto thee, 1880
Or on their awful shadow hast thou gazed ?
Can thy perception comprehend the earth,
That thou art able to declare its breadth ?
Tell now the habitation of the light,
Or name the place wherein the darkness dwells,
That thou may'st take them to their utmost bound,
And point the path by which they shall return ?
Hast thou this knowledge from thine earlier birth,
Or from the lengthened ages of thy life ?
Hast thou walked through the treasure-house of snow ? 1890
Or measured with thine eyes the store of hail,
Which for the time of trouble I reserve,
Against the day of battle and of war ?
How wilt thou part the rays of orient light,
Or drive the wind before thee over earth ?
Who hath prescribed and cloven out the way
For the o'erflowing of the water-floods ?
Or given direction to the thunder-flash,
To cause the rain to fall where no man lives,
And satisfy the waste and desolate, 1900
And cause the bud of tender herb to spring ?
Canst thou declare the father of the rain,
Or the begetter of the drops of dew ?
Of whose fertility hath come the ice,

Or where the parent of the hoary frost,
That closeth o'er the waters as a stone,
Hardening the surface of the frozen deep ?
Canst thou bind up the influence benign
The Pleiads shed, or loose Orion's bands ?
Bring Mazzaroth in his appointed time ? 1910
Or canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons ?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens,
To parcel their dominion over earth ?
Canst thou lift up thy voice unto the clouds,
That they abundantly may shed their rain ?
Canst thou send lightnings, that the shock may go,
And then return and tell thee, ' We are here ' ?
Who gave their guidance to the shooting stars,
Or taught the meteors to direct their flight ?
Who hath such wisdom as to count the clouds ? 1920
Or who pour out the flowing stores of rain,
That beateth into mire the drouthy dust,
Closing the gaping fissures of the earth ?
Wilt thou provide the lion with his prey,
Or satisfy his young ones' appetite,
In den or covert where they lie in wait ?
Who for the raven doth purvey his food,
When, while his callow brood cry unto God,
He wandereth afar in search of meat ?
Knowest thou the time when wild goats of the rock 1930
Bring forth their young ? or when the hinds do calve ?
Numberest thou the months that they fulfil,
Or for their calving fixest thou the time ?
They bow themselves, and they bring forth their young,
Casting their pains away ; active and strong
Their young ones, and well nourished, grow apace,
Then forth they go and they desert their dam.
Who hath sent out the wild ass free as wind ?

Or who hath loosed his bands, whom I have sent
To dwell in wilderness and barren land ? 1940
He scorneth all the city multitude,
Neither regardeth he the driver's cry ;
The mountain ranges are his feeding-ground,
And the green herb he seeketh wide and far.
Canst thou get useful service from the Reem ?
Or will he take his fodder at thy crib ?
Canst thou confine him to the furrow trench,
And will he harrow after thee at plough ?
Or wilt thou trust him for his mighty strength,
A slave to aid thee in thy daily toil ? 1950
Wilt thou believe in him that he will bring
Thy sheaves, and pile them on thy threshing-floor ?
Hast thou upon the horse his strength bestowed ?
Hast thou his arching crest with glory crowned ?
Canst thou affear him like a grasshopper ?
His snortings carry terror as he goes ;
Joyous in strength, he paweth up the ground,
And boundeth at the clarion's brazen clang ;
He snuffeth up the battle from afar,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouts ; 1960
He swalloweth the ground in pride and rage ;
He courseth on to meet the clashing host,
The quiver rattling against his side,
The glittering spear, and bosses of the shield.
Ha ! ha ! he neigheth back the trumpet's blare,
He turneth not away at gleaming swords ;
Mocketh at fear, and none affrighteth him.
Unto the ostrich gavest thou her plumes,
Refusing her the pinions of the stork,
Which leaveth in the ground her eggs to warm, 1970
Remembering not that wandering foot may crush,
Or desert beast may break them ; hardened she

Against her young, as though they were not hers,
Ne'er fearing that her labour shall be vain ;
No wiser than permitted by the Lord,
Nor understanding more than He imparts ;
Yet at the time she lifteth up herself
She scorneth both the rider and his horse.
Was it thy wisdom taught the hawk to fly,
And stretch her wings toward the sunny south ? 1980
At thy commanding doth the eagle mount,
And make her nest beyond the reach of men ?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
And maketh on the crag her place of strength,
And thence with piercing ken she seeketh prey.
Safe in the eyrie her young brood suck blood ;
And where the slain lie there she swoopeth down.
Lo ! now, Behemoth, which I made with thee,
See how he eateth grass, as doth the ox ;
Behold, his mighty power is in his loins, 1990
The vastness of his body is his strength ;
His tail he setteth like a cedar branch ;
His sinews wrapped together, and his bones
Like bars of iron and as strong as brass.
He is the chiefest of the ways of God,
Who, making him, left him not weaponless.
For him the mountains are with pasture clothed,
Those mountains which the forest beasts frequent ;
Under the lotus trees he taketh rest,
In fens and in the thicket of the reed ; 2000
The leafy trees enfold him in their shade,
The willows of the brook encompass him ;
He hasteth not for swelling of the stream,
And in the floods he trusteth in his strength.
Who will approach and take him openly,
Or through his nose will draw the mastering cord ?

Think'st thou to angle for Leviathan,
Or with a noose wilt thou ensnare his tongue ?
Canst thou into his nose insert thy hook,
Or with a gad wilt thou bore through his jaw ? 2010
And will he supplicate and fawn on thee ?
Or will he covenant to do thy work,
That thou may'st take him as a life-long slave ?
Him wilt thou fondle as a petted bird,
Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens' play ?
Shall thy companions banquet on his flesh,
Or part him to the merchants for their gain ?
With bearded irons canst thou pierce his skin,
Or will thy fish-spear penetrate his head ?
I will not hide his qualities or power, 2020
Nor the proportions of his armature.
Who shall unclothe the opening of his vest,
Or who shall bring a bit to bridle him ?
Who can throw wide the portals of his face,
Beset with rows of teeth so terrible ?
His skin is as a welded shield, compact
With fitted scales, each pressing upon each
So closely that no air may pass between,
One to another joined, so firmly knit,
That vainly thou shalt strive to sunder them. 2030
Light flasheth from his neesings, and his eyes
Are like unto the eyelids of the morn ;
A burning lamp his mouth, with sparks of fire ;
And like a seething pot his nostrils smoke ;
His breath is fire, and from his mouth goes flame ;
His neck is clothed with strength ; horror and pain
Rejoice before him as he moveth on.
His flesh in flakes with union firm is joined,
So that they may not be compelled apart.
Firm as a rock his heart, no weakness there, 2040

Hard as in grinding-mill the nether stone.
The mighty tremble when he riseth up.
Vain is the spear, the javelin, the dart ;
The sharpened sword shivers against his scales ;
He deemeth iron but as rotten wood,
Nor maketh more account of brass than straw.
Harmless he bears the forceful arrow's stroke,
Scorning the sling-stones and the glittering dart.
He laugheth at the shaking of the spears,
And as he passeth on he grindeth down 2050
The stones and pointed weapons in the mire.
He swirleth up the waters till they boil,
And like an ointment stirreth up the mud ;
Then in his swiftness leaves a shining track
Of hoary whiteness in the foaming sea.
Nought upon earth his like, made without fear,
All things around him calmly he surveys,
Among all mighty beasts he lives a king.
Lay thy hand on him, think upon the fight,
It shall suffice ; the hope of him is vain. 2060
Even the sight of him shall cast thee down ;
None is so fierce as dare to stir him up.
Then who hath strength to stand before the Lord ?
Whom for assistance shall I recompense,
While all beneath the height of heaven is mine ?

Then, lowly answering the Lord, Job said :
I know Thee as Almighty. No design
Thou framest can be hindered. What is he
Who without knowledge counsel darkeneth ?
I uttered that I comprehended not, 2070
Beyond me far, for me too wonderful.
Now, I beseech Thee, suffer me to speak,
And supplicate an answer to my prayer.

Oft have mine ears of Thy perfection heard,
But now mine eyes behold it. Why am I
Laid in the dust, a thing for men to loathe ?

Then did the Lord reply to Job, and said :
Wilt thou impugn the judgment of Jehovah ?
Him that arraigneth God, let him reply.

Then did Job answer to the Lord's command : 2080
Lo ! I am vile ; what shall I answer Thee ?
I can but lay my hand upon my mouth.
Twice have I spoken, I dare speak no more.

Then from the whirlwind spake the Lord to Job :
Gird up thy loins, make ready like a man ;
I will demand, and thou canst answer me.
Wilt thou my judgment also disannul ?
Wilt thou condemn me that thou may'st be just ?
Hast thou an arm like the Almighty God,
And canst thou thunder with a voice like His ? 2090
Deck thyself now with majesty and power,
Make gloriousness and beauty thine array ;
Cast thou abroad the raging of thy wrath,
And, noting each proud man, abase thou him.
Look thou on all the proud ones, bring them low,
Bind them, and hide their faces in the dust ;
Then will I praise thy wisdom and thy power,
And I will say thine own right arm can save.

And so it was, when God had made an end
Of speaking unto Job, that then He said 2100
To Eliphaz the Temanite : My wrath
Is kindled against thee and thy two friends,
In that ye three did not speak truthfully,

As spake my servant Job. Now, therefore, take
Bullocks and rams, seven of each, and go
Unto my servant Job; and for yourselves
Offer your reverent offering with fire;
And then my servant Job shall pray for you,—
For him will I accept,—lest you I treat
According to your folly; for ye spake 2110
Not truthfully as spake my servant Job.

So Eliphaz of Teman, and with him
The other twain, Zophar of Naamatha,
Bildad of Shuha, went, and as the Lord
Commanded, did. And God accepted Job.
And when Job prayed for them unto the Lord,
Then the Lord turned his own captivity,
And doubled all the wealth he erst possessed.
Then all his brethren came to visit Job,
And all his sisters and his many friends, 2120
All who had been acquaint with him before;
And in his house they all ate bread with him,
And with him they bemoaned and sympathized,
And gave him comfort over all the ill
The Lord had sent on him; and of their love
Each one to Job a piece of money gave,
And with each piece they gave a ring of gold.
So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job
More than the earlier: fourteen thousand sheep,
Six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke 2130
Of oxen, and a thousand asses, his.
Sons seven and daughters three were born to Job,
Who, in his joy at his first daughter's birth,
Called her Jemima, handsome as the day;
The sweetest perfume in the holy oil,
Keziah, its name unto the second lent;

And Keren Happuch, horn of plenty, made
The gracious name by which he called the third.
Nowhere in all the land were women found
Fair as Job's daughters, and to them he gave 2140
Among their brethren their inheritance.

One hundred years and forty after this
Lived Job, and saw his sons and his sons' sons,
Four generations rise before the Lord,
And then Job died aged, and full of years.

ECCLESIASTES.

ECCLESIASTES.

THE words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher ; vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

What hath man wherein to profit from his toil beneath the sun ?

Generations come and vanish, while abides the earth alone.
Day by day the sun ariseth, day by day doth he decline,
Where his orb arose in splendour, hasteth he again to shine.
Northward, southward, ever changing winds in storm and tempest sweep,

Whirling in resistless circuit over land and over deep.
Always adding, never filling, run the rivers to the sea ;
Thence again, their sources seeking, they return continually.
Man can never know the labour wherewithal the earth is filled,

Ear unwearied, eye insatiate, hath not heard it or beheld. 10
That which hath been shall be ever, nought is new beneath the sun ;

That which hath been done before us, that shall ever still be done.

Is there anything whereof it may be said, 'See, this is new'?
Lo ! 'twas old when lived our fathers, old in older ages too ;
Men of olden times forgotten, nor the men that are to be
Shall the coming generations treasure in their memory.

I, the Preacher, ruling over Israel in Jerusalem,
Gave my heart to seek and search out all the things of
place and time,
All the things that wisdom findeth that are done beneath
high heaven ;
Travail sore for holy training which the Lord to men hath
given. 20
I have seen beneath the heaven all the labours of man-
kind ;
All vexation of the spirit, vanity in all I find.
Now I know that none can straighten that which God hath
made awry ;
I have learned that no man's wisdom things awanting can
supply.
Deeply with my heart I communed, I am come to high
estate,
Ne'er Jerusalem before me bent to one so wise and
great.
Yea, my soul had great experience ; both my heart and
head were given
Knowledge to increase, and wisdom ; after these I long had
striven ;
Yet I found that all my travail was but striving for the
wind ;
Seeking knowledge, finding sorrow, grief, and wisdom inter-
twined. 30
Then I spake, my heart addressing : Come ! with mirth I
thee will try ;
Thou shalt have thy fill of pleasure. Lo ! they both were
vanity.
Mirth, thou art of folly gendered ; try if all thy wiles are
vain :
Shew us what thy end, O pleasure ; strive thy purpose to
attain.

Then my heart and I determined unto pleasure's charm to
yield,
Seizing folly, yet still holding wisdom for our guide and
shield ;
Seeking if I might discover in the doings of mankind
Good, in which their lives employing, profit they might
haply find.
Houses and great works I builded, vineyards for my wine
I grew,
Planting fruit-trees in my gardens, choicest flowers of every
hue ; 40
Treasuring the precious water in the pools that I had made ;
Leading it through all my bowers, rich with fruit and cool
with shade.
Then I gat me men and maidens, and my servants children
bare,
While with me in flocks and cattle none before me could
compare.
Gold and silver, too, I gathered, heaping up all precious
things ;
All of rich and rare I treasured, gifts from provinces and
kings.
Famous singers, men and women, sang their sweetest
strains for me ;
Music, through man's senses thrilling, rapt me with its
melody.
Thus, my greatness ever growing, I far higher state attained
Than before had Salem witnessed ; wisdom, too, with me
remained. 50
Ne'er refrained I from beholding whatsoe'er mine eyes
admired,
Ne'er denied I to my longing whatsoe'er my heart desired ;
For in all my willing labour ne'er my constant heart did fail,
Lightening all my heavy travail by rejoicing in the toil.

Then I looked on all my labour, all the works my hand
had wrought :

Vanity and soul's vexation ! all return from them was
nought.

Searching wisdom, madness, folly, each one turning o'er
and o'er

(He who cometh after searcheth what the king hath tried
before),

Then I saw, as light the darkness, wisdom folly so excelled ;
Wise men have their eyes to serve them, fools e'er walk in
darkness veiled : 60

But to fools or men of wisdom one event shall ever be :
I shall fare as doth the foolish ; what shall wisdom profit me ?
Then again in heart I pondered : This, like everything, is
vain !

No remembrance will the wise man more than will the
fool attain ;

Present things will be forgotten in the days that are to be :
Like the fool, the wise man dieth : surely this is vanity !

All is vanity and trouble ! Therefore hated I my life ;
All mydoings under heaven nothing wrought for me but grief.
Yea, I hated all the labour I had laboured under heaven,
For to him who shall succeed me all its profit will be
given. 70

Who may say that my successor shall be foolish or be wise ?
Yet the fruit of all my labour, all my travail, shall be his ;
All wherein I have delighted, all the wisdom I have shown,
All my works and all my labours : this is vanity alone !
Thus, with thoughts my soul afflicting, in my heart did I
despair ;

Wisdom guided all my labours ; truth I had, and talents rare :
Yet to one who hath not travailed, all this portion must I
leave :

All is vanity and evil ! over all my works I grieve.

What hath man for all his labour and vexation of his soul,
Heart worn out with gathering fragments, vainly striving
for the whole? 80

Grief alone his travail earneth, sorrow waiteth on his day ;
Anxious thought night's rest repelling, all his labour vanity.
Nought can man get from his labour better than the good
it brings,

Meat and drink, he may enjoy them, given by the King of
kings.

Who can eat, or who delight in, anything without the
Lord,
Giver of all good, of wisdom, joy, and knowledge of His
word?

God to sinners gives to travail, and to gather goods with
pain,

Then bestows them on the righteous, and the sinner's toil
is vain.

All things have their fitting season, time there is for all
intent ;

Time for birth, and time for dying ; time to pluck, and time
to plant ; 90

Time to rend, and time for mending ; time for silence, time
to speak ;

Time for slaying and for saving ; time to build, and time
to break ;

Time to seek, and time for losing ; times to cast away and
keep ;

Time to mourn, and time to revel ; time to laugh, and time
to weep ;

Times to scatter and to gather ; times to part and to
embrace ;

Time for love, and time for hating ; time for war, and time
for peace.

What the profit, then, from labour that the worker may obtain ?

Lo ! the travail God hath given, training for the sons of men.
Midway placed in earth's existence, beauty, fitness, all
around ;

No man knoweth of its ending, none hath its beginning
found. 100

All God's works are full of goodness,—joy for man in doing
good ;

Joy in God's good gift of labour, joy in thus providing food.
Well I know that what God maketh, once for ever He hath
made,

Asking not from man to worsen, or to better it his aid.

Know I, too, that great Jehovah all His mighty works
hath done,

That the sons of men may see them, and revere the Lord
alone.

That which hath been is repeated ; future things before
have been ;

And for judgment God recalleth what He hath already
seen.

I beheld the place for justice, there did wickedness
abound ;

Righteousness I vainly sought for, but iniquity I found. 110
Said I in my heart : For virtue God will judge, for crime
will doom ;

For each work and for each purpose certainly a time will
come.

And I felt that God's election had marked out the human
race,

Showing them their like creation to the very beasts they
chase.

God to all one breath hath given, differing in no degree,
Man nor beast in this excelling : all is only vanity !

Unto all one fate is common, beast nor man their life retain ;

Out of dust were formed their bodies, into dust they turn again.

Who in man the soul discerneth, flame divine of heavenly birth,

From the life he hath in common with the animals of earth ? 120

Therefore man doth well to glory in the labours of his day,
None to show him what shall happen when his life hath passed away.

Then I turned me, and considered the oppressions that are done,

And the wrongs that are recurring ever underneath the sun.
Lo ! the tears of them who suffer, none to comfort them in pain ;

Their oppressors wield the power, comforters they seek in vain.

Therefore did I deem them happy who have passed from life away,

More than they among the living, who have still to live their day.

But the unborn still is better than the living or the dead,
Who as yet beneath high heaven wrong nor sin hath combated. 130

Then I thought of works done rightly, well directed toil of men ;

Balance them against the envy, only vanities remain.

Folds the fool his hands together, ruin ever doth he find ;

But enough with rest excels abundance with unrest of mind.

Yet again my thoughts recalling, I again saw vanity.
There is one alone who liveth, loving no companion nigh,

Neither child he hath, nor brother, yet his labours never
tire,

Never do his toil-won riches satisfy his soul's desire ;
Not for others doth he labour, and his soul of good bereave ;
Vanity is all his travail, that alone doth he achieve. 140

Rather two should live together, than that one alone should
live ;

Two have more reward for labour than the single toil can
give,

Fallen, each one lifts his fellow ; woe to him who falls
alone,

None hath he to give a helping hand to him when he is
down.

Two together warm each other, one alone would suffer cold ;
Twisted cord outwears the single, so shall two the mastery
hold.

Wise, though poor, a child is better than an old and
foolish king,

Heeding not his wise men's counsel, deaf to all admonish-
ing.

This from prison-house emerging, reigns a ruler strong and
just ;

That, although in purple nurtured, hath his wealth and
kingdom lost. 150

Then my thoughts swept onward to the generation then
begun,

With the child that shall be standing in his stead when
he is gone ;

Ever changing, never ending, still flows on the fickle strain ;
They that follow him reject him : surely everything is
vain !

Keep thy foot whene'er thou goest to the temple of the
Lord ;

See thou hold thy spirit ready to obey His holy word.

Offer not to Him thy folly, careless of the evil deed ;
Let thy tongue not rashly utter wishes of thy earthly
greed ;

Dwelleth He enthroned in heaven, thou upon the earth
below ;

Make then thy petition wisely, weighty words are ever
few. 160

Multitude of work distracting, leads the mind to dreams
alone ;

Folly's prayer in words unnumbered, ever purposeless is
shown.

When unto the Lord thou vowest, pay thy vow without
delay :

God delighteth not in folly, what thou vowest thou must
pay.

Better 'twere thy tongue restraining, that thou shouldst
not vow at all,

Than if to the Lord thou vowest, short of payment thou
shouldst fall.

Let not thou thy mouth unwary cause thy flesh for sin
to pine,

Nor before God's angel seek to palliate a fault of thine.

Question not of God Almighty, wherefore angry at thy
word ?

Know that when thy work He marreth, just and righteous
is the Lord. 170

Dreams indulged in, words unnumbered, both alike are
only vain ;

Fear thou God, and while thou fearest, dreams and words
thou wilt restrain.

If thou seest in a province the oppression of the poor,
Justice, judgment all perverted, very grievous to endure :
Marvel not at such a matter ; there is higher than the high ;
He regardeth all their doings, He is mightier than they.

Lo ! the earth of its abundance profit unto all doth yield ;
Ev'n the king himself dependeth on the produce of the
field.

Never can the precious silver satiate the miser's greed ;
Never plenty can to fulness the desire for getting feed ; 180
Where the profit to the owner, save to see them with his
eyes,

When his goods increase, while others his abundance
satisfies ?

Full or fasting, sweetest slumber gives the labouring man
his rest,

Banished from the rich man's couches, with the cares of
wealth oppressed.

Evil is it if the owner to his hurt his riches hold ;
They shall perish, and his children nought inherit of his
gold ;

Naked did his mother bear him ; naked, too, shall he
return ;

Nothing shall he carry with him of the wealth his labours
earn.

Surely this for him is evil, naked as he came he goes ;
Where the profit, when his travail fleeteth like the wind
that blows ? 190

Melancholy, ever sitting the companion of his food,
Sickness bringing grief and trouble to his cheerless solitude.
Come, all ye who seek for wisdom, see the things that I
have seen ;

Good and comely is the labour that a man rejoiceth in.
Meat and drink that man enjoyeth, taking what the Lord
hath given,

Happy portion granted to him of his labour under heaven ;
God to him the blessings giveth, health of body and of mind,
From his wealth to take this portion, in his work his joy
to find ;

Little needeth he remember former deeds and bygone days,
For on him the Lord bestoweth joy in all his works and
ways. 200

Searching all things in my wisdom, evil I have found
again,
Oftentimes beneath the heaven, weighing heavily on men :
Man, with honour, wealth, and riches, plenteously by God
endowed,
Filled with all his soul desireth, wanting nothing for his
good ;
Yet God granteth not the power all his riches to enjoy ;
Wealth amassed for stranger's revels : surely this is vanity !
If a man beget a hundred children from his youth to
age,
And his years should far outnumber those of others' pil-
grimage,
Ev'n if death did not await him, yet with soul dissatisfied,
Better were a birth untimely, birth that ne'er had lived
or died. 210
Vainly coming, darkly going, ne'er with light or knowledge
bless'd,
Ev'n his name in silence shrouded, this hath yet the
greater rest.
Yea, although his days should number twice told o'er a
thousand years,
Yet his soul no good hath tasted ; in one place each dis-
appears.
Only for the mouth, his labour ne'er can satisfy the soul ;
Poor no better than the magnate, wise no better than
the fool.
Rather shouldst thou seek to guide thee by the guidance
of thine eyes,
Than to follow wayward wishes, leading thee to vanities.

What is mightiest in creation ? Surely it is man alone ;
Yet he never may contend with Him that is the Almighty
One. 220

What advantage can man gather from the vanities
around ?

Who is he that from the poison nourishment for life hath
found ?

Life no better than a shadow, spent in vanities alone ;
No man teaching to another what shall be when life is
gone.

Valueless are precious perfumes weighed against an
honest name ;

Count thy life-day's closing worthier than thy birth-day's
morning dream.

Rather seek the house of mourning than the mansion of
the feast ;

Lay to heart what there thou seest, death the only road
to rest.

Laughter is excelled by sorrow ; weeping eyes may cleanse
the heart ;

Mirth is loved of fools, but wisdom with the mourner
takes her part. 230

Rather hear reproof from wisdom, than partake of folly's
glee ;

Crackling thorns in heated furnace last beyond such vanity.

Full of evil is oppression, for it maketh wise men mad ;
While a bribe the heart destroyeth, turning all its good
to bad.

Better is a work completed than it was when first begun ;
Patience better than the pride that chafes until its end be
won.

Be not hasty in thy spirit, cherish not an angry mood ;
Wrath and folly are companions, constant in their brother-
hood.

Suffer not thy heart repining to look back on former days ;
Wisdom useth not the bygone to the present time's dis-
praise ; 240

Heir to all the wealth of ages, gathered while the world
shall last,

She the present time enricheth with the treasures of the
past.

Riches shielding, wisdom wielding, like a giant sword and
shield ;

Gold defendeth, wisdom blendeth all the good that life can
yield.

Deeply in thy heart consider all the work the Lord hath
done ;

What He maketh crooked, who shall straighten but the
Lord alone ?

In prosperity be joyful ; ponder in thine evil day ;

God sets one against the other : who shall His command
gainsay ?

Many things have I beholden in my days of vanity :

I have seen the just man taken in his righteousness to
die ; 250

I have also seen the wicked, never wearying in wrong,

All the days his life is lengthened still his wickedness
prolong.

In thy righteousness be lowly, nor with knowledge be
elate :

Why should thy self-exaltation leave thee only desolate ?

Give not up thyself to folly ; do not thou thy sin increase ;

Why shouldst thou, in days untimely, perish in thy wicked-
ness ?

Hold the first of these instructions, and with care the
latter heed ;

God will teach to them who fear Him how to use them at
their need.

Wisdom more the wise man strengthens than the might
of men of war.

Lives no man on earth so righteous but he must of sin
beware. 260

Take not heed of all words spoken, freedom to the tongue
extend ;

Thou mayst have to ask for pardon when thy own frail
lips offend.

I have proved all this by wisdom, I determined to be
wise ;

Wisdom, distant, still eludes me, still its depths my
search defies.

I applied my heart to find it, searching out unerring laws ;
Tracing wickedness and madness up to folly as their cause.
Finding deadliest desolations in the woman's heart of
guile,

Bonds who in her hands concealeth, snares and nets beneath
her smile ;

He alone the Lord who pleaseth shall escape from her
deceit ;

While the sinner, willing victim, falls entangled in her
net. 270

I have found, for I have weighed them one by one with
care and pain ;

Further still my soul inquireth, but as yet I search in
vain ;

One man in a thousand near me I have found, but one
alone ;

While among a thousand women, vainly have I sought for
one.

God made man upright, and gave them light to lead them
on their way ;

Seek they light of their own making, and in darkness go
astray.

Where is found the man to equal him who learneth to
be wise ?

Him who knoweth to interpret, manifesting mysteries.
Glory gloweth all around him, wisdom beameth in his
face ;

All his might for good he useth, boldness changed into
grace. 280

Ever thou God's oath regarding, strive to keep the
king's command ;

Do no evil, flee not from him, there is none may stay
his hand.

Power resteth in his mandate : who shall question of the
king ?

But, who keepeth his commandment, he shall feel no evil
thing.

Wise is he whose soul discerneth both the judgment and
the time ;

Missing these, man faileth, suffering as for a committed
crime ;

For he hath not got the knowledge of the future for his
guide,

Neither is there one to tell him what events shall then
betide.

None hath mastery o'er the spirit, none may his own life
retain ;

Death is in his day the victor, strife against his might is
vain ; 290

Warfare that with no exemption, none may cast his arms
away ;

Nor shall sin deliver sinners powerless in that fatal
fray.

Deeds done openly in daylight I have seen and pondered
o'er :

Fraught with evil to a ruler is his own unbridled power.

I have seen the wicked buried, knowing right who did
the wrong,

Soon forgotten in the city where his evil deeds were done.

Execution of his sentence on a sinner God delays,

Therefore willingly man plungeth deeper in his evil ways.

Though a sinner, oft-times sinning, have his life prolonged
still,

Yet the good with him remaineth who obeys the Almighty's
will. 300

Not like him shall fare the wicked: like a shadow on the
sand

Life shall leave him, who nor feareth nor obeyeth God's
command.

Oft a vanity it seemeth, when unto the earth I turn,

Good the wicked man receiveth, evil wage the righteous
earn;

Thus at times the wicked prospers in the evil he hath done,

Like a righteous man rewarded: this is vanity alone!

Therefore in this world of changes, good and ill together
blent,

Take the good that God shall give thee, and therewith be
thou content.

Be thou cheerful in thy labour, meat and drink the Lord
provides;

That content which nought can minish, all thy life with
thee abides. 310

When I clave to wisdom, seeking on the earth what
work is done,—

Neither night nor day it resteth, ceaselessly it goeth on.—

Then I searched, and saw how boundless are God's works
beneath the sun:

They who seek with all their labour ne'er shall find what
work is done:

Yea, the utmost powers of wisdom earnestly applied must fail ;

In such quest 'twere vain to hope that earthly knowledge can avail.

Deeply with my heart I communed, till I came to understand

How God keeps the wise and righteous in the hollow of His hand.

None may know His love or anger from events that may befall ;

One event there is to all men, come it must, alike to all, 320

To the good and to the evil, to the fool and to the wise,
Clean and unclean, and who offers or not offers sacrifice ;
As the righteous, so the sinner ; and the same is he who swears,

As the man who feareth swearing, and from every oath forbears.

This is evil among all things that are done beneath the sun,

That of all events that happen unto all men, cometh one !
All the sons of men are evil, hearts of evil to the core ;
Live they all in madness, dying follow those who died before.

For a man who still is living, hope is not yet forfeited ;
Better is a dog while living than a mighty lion dead. 330
Living, know they what shall happen, for they know that they shall die ;

Dead, receive they, know they nothing, even lost to memory ;

All their hatred, love, or envy, like themselves for ever gone,

Never more shall they have portion out of aught beneath the sun.

Go thy way, for God in mercy now accepteth thee and
thine ;
Let thy thankful heart be cheerful, eat thy bread and
drink thy wine ;
Clothe thyself in gladsome garments, wash thy face,
anoint thy head ;
Live thou lovingly and joyful with the wife whom thou
hast wed.
Thus with thankful heart and cheerful spend the days
the Lord hath given,
Portion for thee in thy lifetime of thy labour under
heaven ; 340
Putting forth thy might to perfect all the work that thou
mayst have ;
Knowledge, work, device, and wisdom soon shall fail thee
in the grave.
I returned unto my seeking, and I saw beneath the
sun
Loser of the race the swift one, beaten in the strife the
strong ;
Neither wealth nor bread for wisdom ; favour waiting not
on skill ;
Times and chances as they happen mastering the strongest
will ;
He who faileth to discern them falls on evil unawares ;
So the fish in nets are taken, so the birds are caught in
snares.
I have seen a proof of wisdom shining in the light of
heaven ;
Greater proof, however sought for, could not, as I deemed,
be given. 350
Coveting a little city, with a feeble furnishing,
Mighty men marched up against it under leading of their
king.

He encamped his troops before it, hemmed it closely all
around,
And against the little city sunk the ditch and raised the
mound.
But there dwelt within the city, one, though poor, yet very
wise,
Skilfully who saved the city from those mighty enemies.
In their need his fellows sought him, used the knowledge
he had won,
And, his poverty despising, soon forgot what he had done.
Thus I learned how wisdom triumphs, high above the
warrior's sword,
Yet the poor man none regardeth, no man honouring his
word. 360
Wise men's words in quiet uttered, lowly but distinct and
clear,
Far outweigh the cry of folly, clamoured in the startled ear ;
Might beyond all warrior's weapons, wisdom doth on man
bestow,
Yet may no one count the evil which a sinful man may do.
Ointment of the sweetest essence will a putrid fly
defile ;
And a man's repute and honour doth a little folly soil.
Still the earnest man of wisdom hath his heart at his
right hand,
While the fools, with hearts left-handed, ever undecided
stand.
Folly in the highway walking, lacks the wit his steps to
rule ;
Yet he knoweth not, and sayeth every other is a fool. 370
Should the spirit of the ruler rise against thee, keep
thou still ;
Thou shalt soon appease his anger, if thou yield before his
will.

Grievous is the ruler's error, when he banisheth the wise,
Taking counsel of the foolish, heaping on them dignities ;
Setting servants upon horses, raising them to wealth and
state ;

While the princes walk like servants in the crowd about
the gate.

Whoso undermineth others, him his hidden pit shall
take ;

Whoso breaketh through the fences, let him fear the
gliding snake.

Not without a hurt the careless strives to move a heavy
stone ;

Ev'n the cleaving of the firewood ever is with danger
done. 380

Vainly strives the foolish workman, labouring with blunted
tool ;

Wise men ever with their wisdom, gain the mastery o'er
the fool.

Dread the serpent for his venom, if thy music fail to
charm ;

Babblers' tongues unsilenced equal serpents in their
power to harm.

Gracious words a wise man speaketh, ever folly's lips
offend ;

Foolishness at first beginning, mischief, madness in the
end ;

Full of words, of wisdom empty, what is coming who shall
say ?

Fools e'er failing of their labour, missing e'en the plainest
way.

Woe to thee, O hapless land, o'er which a child is set
to reign,

And whose princes in the morning of the day to feast
are fain ; 390

Bless'd, O land, whose king has sprung from ancestry of
noble race,
And whose chiefs in season eat for strength, and drink
not to excess.
Through the owner's sloth the building falleth quickly to
decay ;
Through the hands in idlesse folded, droppeth all the
wealth away.
Feasts are ever made for laughter ; merry grows the heart
with wine ;
Money answereth to all things in this earthly world of thine.
Curse not him that ruleth o'er thee, no, not even in thy heart,
Nor the mighty in thy chamber, where thou deem'st
thyself apart ;
For the voice a bird shall carry, secrecy no safety brings ;
They who bear the tale of treason lack no swiftness in
their wings. 400

Cast thy bread upon the waters ; stint not, scatter far
and wide :
Many days may pass, but surely thou shalt find it
multiplied ;
Charity should have no limit ; give as God to thee hath
given,
For thou knowest not the evil ever happening under
heaven.
If the clouds be full of water, on the earth they shed the
rain ;
North or south, the tree that falleth, as it falleth doth
remain.
Never shall he sow, whose wisdom serveth but to note
the wind ;
He who only clouds regardeth, reaping time shall never
find.

Knowest thou how comes the spirit, how the embryo child
doth grow ?

How much less the Almighty's workings, through all
space then canst thou know ? 410

Sow thy seed then in the morning, nor withhold thy hand
at eve :

Who can tell if one shall grow, or both the blessing shall
receive ?

Sweet it is the light beholding, as thy course each day
is run ;

Sweet the rising, and the shining, and the setting of the sun.
If thy years be bright and many, happy as they roll along,
Yet bethink thee of the shadows that must soon around
thee throng.

In thy youth, young man, be joyous, cheer thee in thy
gladsome days ;

Yield thee to thine eyes for guidance, let thy heart choose
out thy ways ;

But for all the Lord will judge thee : keep thou, therefore,
free from stain ;

From thy flesh remove all evil, lest thou live thy youth
in vain. 420

Now, while youth in hues of splendour colours all thy
happy days,

Now remember thy Creator, now thy gracious Maker
praise.

Wait not for the days of evil, wait not till the years draw
nigh,

Years that bring to thee no pleasure, mourning happiness
gone by.

Wait not till the sunlight darkens, pales the moon and
stars grow few ;

Wait not for the clouds returning, emptied of their precious
dew ;

Wait not till the watchers weary, till the strong men bow
the limb ;
Till the grinders cease for fewness, till the gazers' sight
be dim ;
Wait not till no more thy portal echoes back thy lusty
tread,
Till for thee no more it open, till it opens for the dead ; 430
Till the damsels at the corn-mill cease their early song in
vain,
For the chirrup of the sparrow wakes thee on thy bed of
pain ;
Till for thee in anguish lying, music's charm hath ceased
to be,
Dearest voices whispering lowly, hushing all their melody ;
Till no more the flowering almond yields for thee its
blossomed spray ;
Till thou feel the dreaded shadow bar thy life from further
way ;
Till the grasshopper would be a burden hard for thee to
move ;
Till thy heart, with deadened pulses, throb no more to
hate or love.
For to his long home man goeth, all his earthly pleasure fled,
And about the streets the mourners make their wailing
for the dead. 440
Ere the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord shall fail,
The wheel be broken at the cistern, or the pitcher at the well,
Shall the dust that is thy body, turn again unto the earth ;
While thy parted soul ascendeth unto God who gave it
birth.

Vain are all things, saith the Preacher ; vanity of
vanities !
Great in wisdom was the Preacher, and because that he
was wise,

Still he taught the people knowledge. Sparing nothing
of his care,
Sought he and arranged his proverbs, full of truth and
wisdom rare ;
Gracious words, like honey dropping, set them forth in
pleasant guise ;
Words of truth uprightly written, as alone can write the
wise. 450
Wisdom's words, like goads for oxen, urge the faltering
soul along ;
Or, like tent nails firmly driven, keep the fabric fair and
strong.
One their author, closely study, take them for thy guide
and guard ;
Other studies will but weary, other books bring no reward.

Hear the ending of the matter ; see thou hear it not
in vain :
Fear the Lord and keep His mandates, so shalt thou be
perfect man.
For the Lord shall bring to judgment every work that
man hath done ;
Secret things or good or evil, God shall judge, and God
alone.

REVELATION.

REVELATION.

THIS is the Apocalypse of Jesus Christ,
Given to Him by God, that He might shew
His servants things shortly to come to pass ;
And, sending His angelic messenger,
He signified it to His servant John,
Who bare his witness to the word of God,
And to the testimony of Jesus Christ,
All those things whatsoever that he saw.
Blessed is he who reads, and they who hear
These words of prophecy, and keep the things 10
Written herein, because the time is near.

Unto the seven Asian churches, John.
Grace be to you. And grace and peace from Him,
That ever was, and is, and is to come ;
And from the spirits seven before His throne,
And from the faithful witness Jesus Christ,
First born from death, Prince of the kings of earth.
To Him that loveth us, and in His blood
Washed us from sin, and us a kingdom made,
Priests to His Father, the Almighty God, 20
Glory and might to Him for aye. Amen.
Lo ! cometh He with clouds ! all eyes shall see,
And they who pierced Him ; and the tribes of earth
Shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.
The Alpha and Omega I, saith God,
Which is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty.

I, John, your brother, and participator
 Both in the tribulation and the kingdom,
 And in the endurances in Jesus Christ,
 Was in the isle of Patmos for the word 30
 Of God, and for the testimony of Christ.
 I, on that holy day which is the Lord's,
 Was in the spirit, and I heard a voice
 Around me as a mighty trumpet sound :
 Mark what thou seest. Write it in a book,
 And send it to the churches seven that be
 In Asia ; unto Ephesus the first,
 To Smyrna, Pergamos, and Thyatira,
 Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea.

I turned to see the voice that spake with me, 40
 And as I turned me round, I then beheld
 Seven precious golden stands for holding lights,
 And in the midst, among the golden stands,
 One like the Son of man. His garment flowed
 Down to the feet, and with a golden zone
 About the bosom it was girdled round ;
 His head and hair were white as finest wool,
 White as the snow ; his eyes as flame of fire ;
 His feet were like unto the glittering brass,
 Coruscate in the burning furnace heat ; 50
 His voice majestic as are the sounds
 Of waters of the multitudinous sea.

And in the strength of His right hand he held
 Stars seven ; and from His mighty mouth there came
 A sharp two-edged sword ; His countenance
 Was as the sun when shining in his strength.
 Awe-stricken as I gazed on Him, I fell
 As dead before His feet. And then He laid
 His right hand on me, saying unto me :
 Fear not ; I am the first, and am the last, 60
 The Living One ; I died, and now, behold,

I am alive for evermore. Amen.
And I do hold the keys of hell and death.

Write thou the things which thou hast now beheld,
And those which are, and those which are to be ;
The mystery of those seven stars I held,
And the same number of the golden stands.
The seven stars thou sawest in my hand
Are angels of those churches, and the stands
The seven churches that I named to thee.

70

Write to the angel of the church in Ephesus :
He that in His right hand seven stars doth hold,
Walking amid the seven golden lamps,
Thus saith : I know thy patience, works, and toil,
How that the evil men thou wilt not bear,
And provedst them that called themselves apostles
Falsely, and found them liars. Thou hast borne,
Hast patience, and for my name's sake hast toiled,
And fainted not. Yet there is this against thee,
That thou from thy first love hast strayed away. 80
Therefore remember thee whence thou hast fallen ;
Repent, and to thy first works turn again ;
Else I will come with speed, and take thy lamp
Out of his place, unless that thou repent.
But thou hast this, the Nicolaitanes' works
Thou hatest, works which hateful are to me.
He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
The words the Spirit saith unto the churches :
I feed the victor with the tree of life,
That grows amidst the paradise of God. 90

Write to the angel of the church in Smyrna :
Thus saith the first and last, who died and lives :
I know thy tribulations, works, and poorness ;

But thou art rich. I know their blasphemy
Falsely who do assert that they are Jews ;
They are the limbs of Satan's synagogue.
Much shalt thou suffer ; give not way to fear :
The evil one shall bind in prison some
For trial, and ten days ye shall have trouble ;
But be thou only faithful unto death, 100
And I to thee will give the crown of life.
He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
The words the Spirit saith unto the churches :
The victor shall escape the second death.

Write to the angel of the church in Pergamos :
These things saith He who bears the two-edged sword :
I know thy works, and I know where thou dwellest,
Close in proximity to Satan's seat ;
And that thou ever holdest fast my name,
Denying not my faith, e'en in the days 110
Wherein my faithful Antipas was slain,
Martyred before you all at Satan's throne.
Yet are these things against thee, that thou hast
Those who hold that which Balaam taught to Balak,
To cast a stumbling-block before the feet
Of Israel's children, eating idols' meat,
And having evil commerce with the world ;
And some the Nicolaitane doctrines hold.
Repent, or I will come to thee with speed,
Fighting against them with my two-edged sword. 120
He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
The words the Spirit saith unto the churches :
He that o'ercometh, I to him will give
To eat the hidden manna ; he shall have
A stone pure white inscribed with a new name,
That none save he receiving it shall know.

Write thou unto the angel of the church
Which is in Thyatira : These things saith
The Son of God, who hath His eyes like flame
Of fire, and hath His feet like shining brass : 130
I know thy works, love, service, faith, and patience,
And thy last works are greater than the first.
Yet I have this against thee, that thou sufferest
That Jezebel, self-titled prophetess,
To teach my servants infidelity,
And to eat meat to idols sacrificed.
Space to repent of her unfaithfulness
Gave I to her, and she repented not.
Lo ! I will cast her down upon a bed,
And into trouble her unfaithful ones, 140
Unless that they repent them of their deeds ;
And all her children will I slay with death.
So shall the churches know that I am He
Who searcheth through the very hearts and reins ;
Thus will I give to each as are his works.
But upon you and them in Thyatira,
Guiltless of this and of the depths of Satan,
I say that I will put no other burden ;
That which ye have, hold fast until I come.
He that o'ercometh, and who till the end 150
Keepeth my works, I unto him will give
Over the nations great authority ;
And he shall rule them with an iron rod,
Breaking them piecemeal like a potter's shards ;
As also of my Father I received.
And I will give to him the morning star.
He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
The words the Spirit saith unto the churches.

Write to the angel of the church in Sardis :

He saith, who hath the seven spirits of God, 160
 And hath the mastery of the seven stars :
 I know thy works, and that thou hast a name,
 A name that thou dost live, and thou art dead ;
 Watch, then, and strengthen those things which remain,
 Though they were near to die ; for I find not
 Thy works all perfect in the sight of God.
 Therefore remember how thou hast received,
 How thou hast heard, and hold fast and repent.
 But if thou dost not watch, then as a thief
 So will I steal on thee ; thou shalt not know 170
 The hour of my arrival ere I come.
 But yet thou hast in Sardis a few names
 Which have not soiled their garments, they shall walk,
 Clothèd in white, with me ; for they are worthy.
 He that o'ercometh, he shall be arrayed
 In raiment white ; nor will I blot his name
 Out of the book of life, but will confess
 His name before my Father and His angels.
 He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
 The words the Spirit saith unto the churches. 180

Write thou unto the angel of the church
 In Philadelphia : Saith the Holy One,
 He that is true, and hath the key of David,
 He who doth open and no man may shut,
 And none may open when that He do close : 190
 I know thy works (before thee I have set
 An open door, that never man may close),
 That thou hast still in thee a little strength ;
 Hast kept my word, and not denied my name.
 Lo ! those which are of Satan's synagogue,
 Falsely who do assert that they are Jews,
 Lo ! I will cause them to approach and worship

Before thy feet, and know that I have loved thee.
 Because my word of patience thou hast kept,
 Thee will I keep in that hour of temptation,
 Which on the universal world shall come,
 To try all those that dwell upon the earth.
 Lo ! I come quickly. What thou dost possess,
 Hold thou it fast, that no man take thy crown.
 Him that o'ercometh I will make a pillar
 Never to leave the temple of my God ;
 And I will write upon him my new name.
 He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
 The words the Spirit saith unto the churches.

200

Write thou unto the angel of the church
 That still existeth in Laodicea :
 Thus saith the Witness, faithful, true, the Amen,
 He, the beginning of the Lord's creation :
 I know thy works, thou art neither cold nor hot ;
 I would that thou wert either cold or hot ;
 But, being lukewarm, neither cold nor hot,
 I even will eject thee from my mouth.
 Thou sayest, ' I am wealthy, needing nought ; '
 And knowest not that thou art blind, and naked,
 Wretched, and pitiable, and very poor.
 Therefore I counsel thee to buy of me
 Gold tried by fire, so that thou may'st be rich ;
 Garments of white in which thou may'st be clothed,
 So that thy nakedness no more be shewn ;
 And eye-salve for thine eyes that thou may'st see.
 Such as I love I chasten and rebuke ;
 Therefore repent thee and arouse thy zeal.
 Lo ! at the house-door do I stand and knock,
 And if a dweller there, hearing my voice,
 Open to me, then I will enter in,

210

220

And sup with him, and he shall sup with me.
Him who o'ercometh I will give to sit
With me within my throne, as I o'ercame,
And with my Father sat within His throne.
He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear
The words the Spirit saith unto the churches. 230

After the Lord had spoken, then, behold !
The gates of heaven were opened to my view,
And the first voice, which I before had heard
As of a trumpet holding converse with me,
Said : Come up hither, I will show to thee
The things which after these must come to pass.
Then I was in the spirit as he spake.
And in the heaven, behold a throne was set,
Not vacant, for One sat upon the throne ; 240
And He that sat was, when one looked on Him,
Like to a jasper and a sardine stone.
And round about the throne a rainbow spanned
In radiance like unto an emerald.
And round the throne were four-and-twenty thrones,
And four-and-twenty elders sat thereon ;
And all of them were clothed in raiment white,
And all of them were crowned with crowns of gold.
And lightning flashes came from out the throne,
With voices and with awful thunderings. 250
And seven lamps flamed bright before the throne,
They are the seven spirits of the Lord.
Before the throne there lay a glassy sea
Like unto crystal. And amid the throne,
And round about the throne, four living things,
Perfect, with eyes before and eyes behind.
The first of these was like a lion formed ;

The second in the likeness of a bull ;
 The third with face erect, as of a man ;
 The fourth an eagle with his wings outspread. 260
 And all of these four living things had wings,
 Each of them six, and they were full of eyes ;
 Both all around were eyes and eyes within.
 And cease they not by day or night to cry :
 Holy ! holy ! holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 That was, and is, and evermore shall be.
 And when these living creatures offer up
 The glory, and the honour, and the thanks
 Unto the Almighty One upon the throne,
 That ever liveth to eternity, 270
 The four-and-twenty elders then fall down
 In presence of the Lord upon the throne,
 And worship Him who lives eternally ;
 And cast they down their crowns before the throne,
 Saying to Him : Worthy art Thou, O Lord,
 Glory and honour to receive, and power ;
 For Thou createdst all things, at Thy will
 They were created—at Thy will they are.

In the right hand of Him upon the throne
 I saw a book, written as well within 280
 As on the back, and sealed with seven seals.
 And a great angel with loud voice proclaimed :
 Who is there worthy to unclothe the book,
 And to unloose it from the seven seals ?
 And no one in the heaven or in the earth,
 Nor underneath the earth, could open it ;
 Nor was one able even to look thereon.
 And much I wept because that none was found
 Worthy to open it, or look thereon.
 Weep not ! then saith an elder unto me, 290

Behold the Lion of the tribe of Juda,
The root of David, He prevaiileth now
The book to open, and the seals unloose.
And I beheld, and lo ! amidst the throne,
Amidst the elders and those living things,
Stood as it were a Lamb that had been slain,
But now with seven horns of power endowed,
And the like number of all-seeing eyes,
Which are the seven spirits of the Lord,
Sent by the Almighty into all the earth. 300
He came, and took the book from the right hand
Of Him that sat upon the heavenly throne ;
And as He took the book, those living things,
And all the four-and-twenty elders, fell
In lowly adoration to the Lamb,
All having harps and golden censers full
Of incense, which is prayers of the saints.
And sung they words ne'er heard before in heaven :
Worthy Thou art the written book to take !
Worthy Thou art the seals thereof to break ! 310
For Thou wast slain, and by Thy precious blood
Thou hast redeemed Thy children to their God.
Them from all nations, peoples, Thou hast won,
Of every kindred and of every tongue ;
And unto God made each a priest, a king ;
And Thou shalt give them o'er the earth to reign.
And I beheld, and while I gazed I heard
The voice of many angels round the throne,
And of the elders, and those living things,
The number of them was ten thousand times 320
Ten thousand, and still thousand thousands more,
Saying with mighty voice in unison :
Worthy, aye worthy, is the Lamb once slain,
Power and wealth and wisdom to obtain,

Omnipotence and honour to receive,
 Gloried and bless'd eternally to live !
 Then by all creatures in the heaven and earth,
 And under earth, and all within the sea,
 By all these multitudes voiced forth I heard :
 Unto the Lord upon the throne enthroned, 330
 And to the Lamb, let blessing ever be !
 Let honour, might, and glory Him surround
 To all the ages of eternity !

And those four living creatures said Amen.
 And worshipping, the elders bowed them down.

I saw the Lamb when the first seal He loosed,
 And, as a sound of thunder, then I heard
 One of those living creatures saying, Come.
 I looked, and then beheld a horse all white,
 Spotless, whose rider held in hand a bow ; 340
 And unto him was given a crown to wear,
 And conquering and to conquer forth he rode.

And when He opened out the second seal,
 I heard the second living thing say, Come.
 And there came forth a horse of fiery red ;
 And it was given to him who sat thereon
 To empty peace and love from out the earth,
 That man might lust to slay his fellow-men ;
 And to the rider a great sword was given.

And when the third seal He had opened out, 350
 Then the third living creature's voice said, Come.
 And lo ! a horse all black, and he that rode
 Held in his hand a set of balances ;
 And from the midst of those four living things
 A voice was clearly uttered, which I heard :
 One penny for a measure of the wheat ;
 Three measures of the barley for the same ;
 And see thou neither hurt the oil or wine.

And when the fourth seal he had opened out,
Then the fourth living creature's voice said, Come. 360
And lo ! a pale horse and his rider Death,
And after him Hell followed in his train ;
And unto him was given deadly power
Over the fourth part of the earth below,
To kill with sword, with famine, and with death,
And with the savage beasts that roam the earth.

And when the fifth seal He had opened out,
Then underneath the altar did I see
The souls of them slain for the word of God,
And for the testimony which they held ; 370
And with their voice they cried aloud, and said :
How long, O Lord, holy and true ! how long
Dost Thou not judge, and not avenge our blood
Upon the people dwelling on the earth ?
And robes of white unto them all were given ;
And they were told to rest a little while,
Until their fellow-servants and their brethren,
Who should be slain as they, should be fulfilled.

And when the sixth seal He had opened out,
Lo ! a great earthquake, and the sun became 380
As black as haircloth, and the moon as blood ;
And stars of heaven fell down upon the earth,
As fig-trees casting their untimely figs,
When shaken by a mighty blast of wind.
And then the heavens departed, as a scroll
Rolled up together ; and the lofty hills
And islands from their places were removed.
And then the kings that reigned upon the earth,
Then the great counsellors and mighty men,
And the chief captains, and the men of war, 390
And every man, as well the bond as free,
Hid in the caves and in the mountain rocks.

And to the mountains and the rocks they cried :
O fall on us, and hide us from the face,
The face of Him that sitteth on the throne,
And hide us from the anger of the Lamb !
The dreadful day of His great wrath is come,
And who hath power before Him to abide ?
After these things, I saw four angels stand
One on each corner of the earth beneath, 400
Restraining all the four winds of the earth,
That none on earth, or tree, or sea might blow.
And then an angel, rising from the east
Bearing the signet of the living God ;
And he cried loudly to the angels four,
Whose part it was to hurt the land and sea :
Hurt not the sea, nor earth or trees, until
We seal in front the servants of our God.
And then I heard the number of the sealed,
Twelve times twelve thousand men of all the tribes : 410
Twelve thousand from each tribe of Israel,
Juda, and Reuben, and the tribe of Gad,
And Aser, and Manasses, Nephthalim,
Simeon, and Levi's sons, and Issachar,
Zabulon, Ephraïm, and Benjamin ;
And then a multitude which none could count,
Out of all nations, kindreds, peoples, tongues,
Stood up before the throne, before the Lamb,
Clothed in white robes, palm branches in their hands,
And cried aloud, Salvation to our God 420
That sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb !
And all the angels standing round the throne,
About the elders, and those living things,
Fell on their faces down before the throne,
In adoration of Almighty God,
Saying Amen. Blessing, and glory, and might,

And wisdom, and thanksgiving, honour, power
Unto our God for evermore ! Amen.
And one from out the elders spake to me :
What then are these arrayed in robes of white ? 430
Tell me ; and also say from whence they came.
I answered unto him : My lord, thou knowest.
Then unto me he said : These all are they
Through the great tribulation who have come,
And they their robes have washed, and made them white,
Bleached in the blood of the most blessed Lamb.
Therefore are they before the throne of God,
And in His temple serve Him night and day ;
And He that sits upon the throne shall spread
His tabernacle as their covering. 440
They shall not thirst or hunger any more ;
No sun shall strike them, nor shall any heat ;
Because the Lamb who is amidst the throne
Shall feed them, and shall lead them to the founts
Waters of life outpouring ; and the Lord
Shall wipe all tears of sorrow from their eyes.
When He had opened out the seventh seal,
Then silence fell on heaven about the space
Of one half-hour. And then did I behold
The angels seven, which stand before the Lord, 450
And to each angel was a trumpet given.
And then another angel having come,
Stood at the altar. In his hand he bare
A golden censer ; and to him was given
Incense in store, for him to mingle with
The prayers of all the saints, and offer them
Upon the golden altar at the throne ;
The smoke, commingled with the saintly prayers,
Rose before God out of the angel's hand.
Then did the angel fill the censer full 460

With fire from off the altar, which he cast
Upon the earth ; and voices then were heard,
And thunderings and lightnings, and the earth
Quaked at the scorching of the heavenly fire.
Then the seven angels, unto whom were given
The trumpets seven, prepared themselves to sound.

When the first angel sounded, following hard
Upon the sound, great hail and blood and fire,
Cast to the earth, burned up the third of earth,
The third of trees, and all the verdant grass. 470

And as the second angel's blast was blown,
There was a mighty mountain, all aglow
With burning fire, cast down into the sea ;
And of the sea one-third was turned to blood,
And of the life therein there died a third,
And of the ships a third part was destroyed.

When the third angel sounded, a great star
Fell from the heaven, like a torch its flame,
And on a third part of the streams it fell,
And on the water fountains ; and its name 480
Is Wormwood ; and the third of waters turned
From sweet to wormwood : men in numbers died,
Who drank to quench their thirst the bitter draught.

And the fourth angel sounded, and the sun
In the third part was smitten, of the moon
The third part also, and the third of stars ;
So that a third was darkened, and of day
A third was taken, and a third of night.

And I beheld, and as I gazed I heard
An eagle flying through the expanse of heaven, 490
And as he swooped along, he cried aloud :
Woe ! woe ! woe to the dwellers on the earth,
By reason of the coming trumpet-voice
Of those three angels who are yet to sound !

And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw
Fall from the heaven upon the earth a star,
To whom the key was given of the pit
Of the abyss. And he unclosed the pit,
And from its mouth a murky smoke arose
As from a furnace, and the sun and air 500
Were darkened by the smoking of the pit.
Out of the smoke came locusts on the earth ;
And upon them such powers were bestowed
Like as the scorpions of the earth possess.
They were commanded that they should not hurt
Earth's vegetation, but alone those men
Who on their fronts have not the seal of God ;
And them they might not kill, but should torment
Five months ; and ever should the anguish be
As from the scorpion when he striketh men. 510
And in those days shall men seek death in vain,
Desiring death, while death from them shall flee.
Like unto horses were the locusts shaped,
Prepared for battle ; on their heads were crowns
Like gold ; their faces like the face of men,
Hair as of women, and the lion's teeth ;
And their breasts cuirassed as with iron plates ;
And when the sounding of their wings was heard,
It sounded as the noise of chariots
With horses hurrying to the battle-field. 520
They all had tails like scorpions, armed with stings,
And for five months had power to hurt mankind.
And over them they had a king to rule,
The angel of the abyss, in Hebrew named
Abaddon, but Apollyon called in Greek.
One woe, one woe is past. Behold, there come
Woe upon woe to follow on these things !
And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard

A voice from out the four horns of the coigns
 Of the gold altar standing before God, 530
 Which to the trumpet-sounding angel said :
 Loose the four angels in Euphrates bound.
 And then the four were loosed, which were prepared
 Against the hour and day and month and year,
 That they might slay the third part of mankind.
 I heard the number of their army named,
 Two hundred thousand thousand men of war ;
 And thus in vision I the horses saw,
 And them that rode on them, and that they wore
 Breastplates of jacinth, brimstone, and of fire. 540
 The horses' heads were like to lions' heads ;
 And from their mouths came brimstone, fire, and smoke.
 These were the plagues by which the men were killed,
 The third of those then living, by the fire,
 The smoke and brimstone issuing from their mouths ;
 For power is in their mouth and in their tail ;
 For they have tails like serpents, and have heads
 Wherewith they have the power to do their hurt.
 And yet the rest of men who were not slain,
 Escaping from these plagues, repented not 550
 Of all their hands had done, not to bow down
 To demons, and to idols made of gold,
 Of silver and of brass, and stone and wood ;
 Idols which neither see, nor hear, nor move.
 Neither repented they of all their crimes
 Which they had done against their fellow-men.
 Another mighty angel then I saw
 Come down from heaven, a cloud his covering,
 A rainbow on his head, his radiant face
 Bright as the sun, his shining feet like fire ; 560
 A little book was open in his hand ;
 His right foot on the sea, the left on earth.

He cried aloud as if a lion roared ;
And when he ceased, then seven thunders spake.
Then, when the seven great thunderings were still,
I was about to write, but in mine ears
A voice from heaven uttered : Seal those things
Which the great thunders spake, and write them not.
And then the mighty angel that I saw,
Who stood upon the sea and on the earth, 570
Lifted his hand to heaven, and swore by Him
Who liveth unto all eternity,
Him who created heaven and all therein,
The earth and all things that are in the earth,
The sea and all things that are in the sea,
That now no longer there should be delay ;
But while the seventh angel's voice shall sound,
When he beginneth, then the mystery
Of God should finish, as He hath announced
In tidings to His prophet-ministers. 580
And then the voice that I had heard from heaven
Spake unto me again : Go, take the book
Which lieth open in the angel's hand,
Who standeth on the sea and on the earth.
I went unto the angel, and I said :
Give me the little book. And he replied :
Take it and eat. Bitter the book shall prove,
Though it shall be like honey in thy mouth.
Then from the angel's hand I took the book,
And ate it up ; sweet honey in my mouth, 590
But bitter gall when I had swallowed it.
And then the angel said to me : Again,
Of nations, peoples, tongues, and many kings,
It now is laid on thee to prophesy.
Then unto me a reed-like rod was given,
And I was bidden by the angel : Rise !

Measure herewith the temple of the Lord,
 The altar, and all those who worship there ;
 But measure not the court which is without,
 For that unto the Gentiles hath been given, 600
 And they the holy city with their feet
 Shall trample on for two and forty months.
 And I will give to my two witnesses,
 That for twelve hundred and for threescore days,
 Clothèd in sackcloth, they shall prophesy.
 These the two olive-trees, and these the stands
 For lights that stand before the Lord of earth.
 And if a man oppose them, from their mouth
 Fire issueth to destroy their enemies ;
 Thus if a man would hurt them, he must die. 610
 These have the power to close the doors of heaven,
 So that it rain not while they prophesy ;
 Have power to turn the waters into blood,
 And at their will to smite the earth with plagues.
 And when they shall have closed their witnessing,
 The beast that rises up from the abyss
 Shall war upon them, conquer and destroy.
 And their dead bodies in the streets shall lie
 Of that great city, spiritually called
 Sodom and Egypt, also where their Lord 620
 Was crucified. And of the peoples, tongues,
 Nations, and kindreds, men shall see them lie
 For three days and a half, nor shall admit
 Their carcases for burial to a tomb.
 Then shall the dwellers on the earth be glad,
 And make themselves right merry, and shall send
 Gifts to each other ; for those prophets twain
 Tormented them who dwell upon the earth.
 And when three days and half a day were passed,
 Again the spirit came of life from God, 630

And entered into them ; and they stood up,
And upon all who saw them fell great fear.
And then they heard a mighty voice from heaven
Calling them up. And at the voice they rose,
And in the cloud ascended up to heaven
Full in the sight of all their enemies.

In that same hour the earth quaked horribly,
And the tenth portion of the city fell,
Slaying seven thousand men ; and then the rest,
Affrighted, glorified the God of heaven.

640

The second woe is past, soon comes the third !

The seventh angel sounded, and in heaven
Great voices said : The kingdom of the world
Hath now become the kingdom of our Lord,
And of His Christ, who evermore shall reign.
Then did the four-and-twenty elders, throned
Upon their thrones before the Lord, fall down,
Bowing their faces, and adore the Lord :
Lord God Almighty, give we thanks to Thee,
Which ever wast and art, that Thy great power

650

Thou to Thyself hast taken and hast reigned.
Wroth were the nations, and thy wrath is come,
As also is the time to judge the dead ;
Thy servants, too, the prophets, to reward,
And saints, and small and great who fear Thy name ;
And to destroy them who destroy the earth.

And in the heaven God's temple was unclosed ;
The ark there of His covenant was seen
Within His temple ; lightnings, thunderings,
And voices, and an earthquake, and great hail.

660

And in the heaven a wondrous thing was seen :
Clothed with the sun, beneath her feet the moon,
A woman ; on her head twelve stars, her crown.
She, being pregnant, cried, travailing in birth,

And pained to be delivered. Then appeared
 Another wonder in the heaven : behold,
 A great red dragon, having seven heads,
 Ten horns and seven crowns upon his heads,
 And with his tail a third of heaven's stars
 Degraded to the earth ; and in his strength 670
 He stood before the woman in her pangs,
 Prompt to devour the child as soon as born.
 A man-child brought she forth, who is to rule
 With iron rod the nations of the earth.
 The child as born was caught up unto God,
 And to His throne. And then the woman fled
 Into the wilderness, where she hath a place
 Prepared of God, where they should nourish her
 A thousand days two hundred and threescore.
 And there was war in heaven : Michael led 680
 His angels, and against the dragon warred ;
 The dragon and his angels warred with them,
 But failed, nor found they more their place in heaven.
 And the great dragon, that old serpent subtle,
 Devil and Satan called, who doth deceive
 The total world, was cast unto the earth,
 And with him all his angels were cast out.
 And then I heard a mighty voice in heaven :
 Now is arrived the kingdom of our God,
 Salvation, strength, the power of His Christ. 690
 The accuser of our brethren is cast out,
 Who day and night accused them to our God ;
 They conquered through the blood shed by the Lamb,
 And by the testimony that they bore,
 And that their lives they loved not to the death.
 Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and be glad ;
 And happy be all ye that dwell therein.
 Woe to the dwellers in the earth and sea,

For unto you the Devil is gone down,
Wrathful as knowing that his time is short. 700

The dragon, when cast down upon the earth,
Soon as he knew his fall, in fierce revenge
Assailed the woman that brought forth the child.
But unto her the eagle's wings were given,
That she should fly into the wilderness,
Into her place where they should nourish her,
During a time and times and half a time,
Far from the presence of that serpent old.
Then did the serpent cast from out his mouth,
After the woman, water as a flood, 710
A torrent that should carry her away.

And the earth helped the woman ; and the earth
Opened her mouth and swallowed up the flood
Cast from the cavern of the dragon's mouth.
Then with the woman was the dragon wroth,
And he departed that he might make war
On all the others of her seed, who keep
God's laws, and have the testimony of Christ.
He stood upon the sand beside the sea,
And from the sea I saw a beast arise, 720
Ten horns and seven heads the beast did bear,
And on each several horn was placed a crown,
And on his heads were names of blasphemy.
The beast was like a leopard, and his feet
Those of a bear, his mouth a lion's mouth.
And unto him the dragon gave his power,
His throne, and with it great authority.
One of his heads I saw as slain to death ;
Yet it was healed, and all the world admired ;
And worshipped they the dragon, that he gave 730
Power to the beast. And worshipped they the beast.
Who can compare, they said, unto the beast ?

Or who against him venture to make war ?
 And there was given to the beast a tongue,
 Wherewith to speak great things and blasphemies,
 And power to work for forty months and two.
 And he his mouth did open against God,
 Uttering blasphemies against His name,
 Against His tabernacle, and against
 The holy ones who dwell therein in heaven. 740
 And it was given to him that he might war
 Against the saints whom he should overcome.
 And there was given to him authority
 Over all nations, peoples, kindreds, tongues ;
 And all that dwell on earth shall worship him,
 Whose names from the foundation of the world
 Have not been written in the book of life,
 Book of the Lamb, the Lamb that hath been slain.
 He that hath ears to hear with, let him hear !
 Who taketh captive, shall be captive led ; 750
 Who slayeth with the sword, the sword shall slay ;
 Here is the patience and the faith of saints.
 And I beheld another beast arise
 Out of the earth, and horns as of a lamb
 Twain did he bear, and as a dragon spake.
 And all the power of the former beast
 He wieldeth in his presence, causing the earth
 And those that dwell therein all to adore
 The former beast, whose deadly wound was healed.
 Wonders he doeth ; ev'n he maketh fire 760
 Come down from heaven in the sight of men.
 And he deceiveth them who dwell on earth,
 By means of signs which he hath power to do
 In presence of the beast, persuading them,
 The dwellers upon earth, that they should make
 An image to the beast who had the wound,

The deadly sword-wound, and who yet did live.
And it was given him to endow with breath
The image of the beast, that it should speak ;
And it should cause that they should all be slain, 770
Who worshipped not the image of the beast.
Also he causeth all, both small and great,
The rich and poor, the freeman and the bond,
A mark on front or right hand to receive,
That none might buy or sell but had the mark,
Even the name or number of the beast.
Herein is wisdom, he that understands
Let him count up the number of the beast,
Because it is the number of a man :
His number is six hundred threescore six. 780

I looked, and on Mount Zion, lo ! the Lamb !
One hundred forty and four thousand men
Were standing with Him on the mount, and all
Bore on their fronts His and His Father's name.
I heard a voice from heaven, a mighty voice,
Like voices of the waters filling space,
And as a voice of thunder great and loud ;
It was as if the harmony arose
Of many harpers harping with their harps ;
And a new song they sing before the throne, 790
Before the elders and those living things ;
No one could learn it, only those alone,
The hundred forty and four thousand men,
They who had been redeemed from all the earth,
Men chaste and undefiled ; and these are they
Who follow wheresoe'er He goes, the Lamb,
Redeemed as first-fruits to the Lamb and God,
And in their mouth no falsehood, blameless all.

I saw an angel flying in mid-heaven,
Bearing the everlasting gospel down, 800

To preach to them who dwell upon the earth,
 To every nation, people, kindred, tongue ;
 Saying aloud : Give glory unto God,
 And fear Him, for His judgment hour is come.
 Worship ye Him who made the heaven and earth,
 The fountains of all waters, and the sea.

Then followed him another angel more,
 Crying aloud : Great Babylon is fallen !
 Who in her pride would have all nations drink
 The wine-cup of the wrath of her embrace. 810

And a third angel followed, and he said,
 With voice of power : If any man bow down
 Before the beast, or image of the beast,
 Or shall receive his mark on front or hand,
 That man shall drink wine of the wrath of God,
 Poured without mixture in the brimming cup
 Of godly indignation ; torments dread,
 With brimstone and with fire, his lot shall be,
 In presence of the angels and the Lamb :
 The smoke of their great torment riseth up 820
 Ever and ever ; and they have no rest
 Or day or night, they who adore the beast,
 His image, or who have his mark received.
 Here is the patience of the saints, who keep
 The faith of Christ, and do the will of God.

Then from the heaven a voice, which bade me write :
 Bless'd they who die henceforward in the Lord.
 Yea, saith the Spirit, from their toils they rest,
 All followed by the works which they have done.

I looked, and lo ! I saw a silvery cloud, 830
 And on the cloud one seated, similar
 Unto the Son of Man ; gold crowned His head,
 And a sharp sickle in His hand He bore.
 And from the temple then an angel came,

Crying to Him who sat upon the cloud :
Thrust in Thy sickle, reap ! the time is come ;
For now the harvest of the earth is ripe.
And He that sat upon the cloud thrust in
His sickle on the earth, and it was reaped.

And then another angel issued forth 840
From out the temple which is in the heaven,
And a sharp sickle in his hand he bore.
Forth from the altar then another came,
The fire to him subservient, loudly he cried
To Him that bore the sickle in His hand :
Thrust in thy sickle, from the vine of earth
Gather the clusters, for the grapes are ripe.
The angel thrust His sickle unto earth,
And gathered thence the clusters of the grapes
From off the vine of earth, and cast them in 850
The mighty winepress of the wrath of God.
They trod the press without the city gates ;
And as they pressed the grapes, the blood flowed out
Up to the horses' bridles, by a space
Furlongs one thousand and six hundred long.

Then in the heaven behold another sign,
Mighty and marvellous. For then I saw
Seven angels, and they bore the seven plagues ;
The last, for they fulfil the wrath of God.
I saw what seemed a sea of glass and fire, 860
And those that won the victory o'er the beast,
His image and the number of his name,
Standing thereby, having the harps of God,
And they all sing the song that Moses sung,
God's servant, and the breathings of the Lamb :
Thy works are great and wonderful, O God !
Almighty Lord, the ways that Thou hast trod
Are just and true. Thou o'er all nations King.

Who shall not fear, O Lord ? Who shall not bring
 Glory to Thee ? Holy Thou art alone ! 870
 The nations all shall bow before Thy throne,
 For all the righteous judgments Thou hast shewn.

After these things I saw, and lo ! the fane,
 The tabernacle of the testimony,
 In heaven was opened. Issuing therefrom
 The seven angels came, who bore the plagues,
 Clothed in fine linen, linen white and pure ;
 About their breasts with golden girdles girt.
 And one of the four living creatures gave
 Unto those seven angels, vases seven 880
 Of gold, full plenished with the wrath of God,
 The God who liveth to eternity.

Smoke filled the fane, smoke from the glory of God,
 From His great power ; none should enter in
 Till the seven angels' plagues were all fulfilled.

Then from the fane I heard a mighty voice
 Say to the seven angels : Go your ways,
 Pour forth the vases of God's wrath on earth.

And the first angel went and poured on earth
 His vase. And then a noisome sore there fell, 890
 And grievous, on all men who bowed before
 The image of the beast, and bore his mark.

The second angel then poured out his vase
 Upon the sea, which turned to dead man's blood ;
 And every living life died in the sea.

Then the third angel emptied forth his vase
 Into the rivers and the water-founts,
 Turning them all to blood. And then I heard
 The angel of the waters, as he said :
 Righteous art Thou, who holy wast and art, 900
 For that Thou thus hast judged ; for they have shed
 The blood of saints and prophets, and to them

Blood Thou hast given to drink ; worthy they be.
And from the altar then a voice I heard :
Yea, O Lord God, the great Almighty One,
Thy judgments all are righteous, just, and true.

And the fourth angel then poured forth his vase
Upon the sun ; and power to him was given
To scorch with fire. And men were scorched with heat ;
And they blasphemed against the name of God, 910
Of Him alone who o'er these plagues hath power ;
And they repented not, nor gave Him praise.

And the fifth angel then poured out his vase
Upon the throne where ruled the beast. At once
Darkness came o'er his kingdom, and they gnawed
Their very tongues for pain ; and they blasphemed
The God of heaven for their pains and sores ;
Neither repented they what they had done.

And the sixth angel then poured out his vase
Over the great Euphrates' rolling flood. 920
The waters shrank and dried, that so the way
Might be made ready for the eastern kings.
And I saw issue from the dragon's mouth,
And from the beast's and the false prophet's mouth,
Spirits unclean three, in the form of frogs ;
For they are demon spirits, working signs,
Who go throughout the habitable world,
To all the kings of earth, to gather them
To the great day of battle of the Lord.
(Lo ! as a thief I come ; and bless'd is he 930
Who watcheth, and who doth his raiment keep,
Lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.)
And they all gathered them unto the place
Called Armageddon in the Hebrew tongue.

The seventh angel then poured out his vase
Into the air, and there came forth a voice

Out from the fane in heaven, out from the throne ;
 The mighty voice cried loudly : It is done.
 Then lightnings, voices, thunders all arose,
 And then the earth was shaken horribly ; 940
 Never since man was placed upon the earth
 Was such an earthquake, and so terrible.
 The mighty city then was rent in three,
 And then the cities of the nations fell ;
 And that great city Babylon was brought
 Before the awful memory of God,
 To drink the brimming cup, in which was poured
 Wine of the fierceness of the wrath of God.
 All islands fled, the mountains passed away,
 And hail as great as of a talent weight, 950
 Coming from heaven, falleth upon men ;
 And for the plague did men blaspheme the Lord,
 Because the torment of the hail was great.

And one of the seven angels, those who bare
 The seven vases, came and talked with me,
 And said : Come hither, I will show to thee
 The judgment of that great unchastity,
 Who upon many waters hath her seat ;
 In whose embrace the kings of earth hath lived,
 While all the other dwellers upon earth 960
 Have drunk the wine-cup of her filthiness.
 And in the spirit did he carry me
 Into the wilderness, and there I saw
 A woman, who was sitting on a beast
 Of scarlet colour, covered with the names
 Of blasphemy, seven-headed, with ten horns.
 Purple and scarlet flamed in her array,
 Bedecked with gold and precious stones and pearls ;
 And in her hand a golden cup she held,

Filled with the filth of her iniquity. 970
And on her forehead thus she bore her name
Full written : MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT,
MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS
OF ALL THE EARTH. I saw the woman drunk
With blood of holy ones, and those who died
Martyrs for Jesus. And when I had seen,
I wondered at her with great admiration.
The angel asked me : Wherefore marvellest thou ?
I will inform thee of the mystery
Of her, and of the beast that beareth her, 980
Which hath the seven heads, and hath ten horns.
The beast thou sawest was, and yet is not,
And out of the abyss he shall arise,
And go into perdition. Dwellers on earth,
With names unwritten in the book of life,
Book closed from the foundation of the world,
Shall wonder much when they behold the beast,
How that he was, and is not, and shall come.
Here is the wisdom that interpreteth :
The seven heads are seven hills, on which 990
The woman sitteth, they are seven kings ;
Five fallen, one is, the other not yet come ;
He cometh, to endure a little space.
The beast that was, and is not, is the eighth,
And of the seven, and his lot perdition.
And the ten horns thou sawest are ten kings,
Kings who as yet have had no kingly rule,
But with the beast as kings one hour shall reign.
These ten are of one mind, and they shall give 1000
All of their power and strength unto the beast.
And they shall strive in battle with the Lamb,
But vainly, for the Lamb shall overcome,
For He is Lord of lords and King of kings ;

And all of those who are with Him are called,
And they are of the faithful, the elect.
The waters where thou sawest that she sat,
Are peoples, nations, multitudes, and tongues.
And those ten horns thou sawest, and the beast
Shall hate the woman, strip her desolate,
And eat her flesh, and burn her up with fire ; 1010
For God hath set their hearts to do His will,
And give their power and kingdom to the beast,
Until the words of God shall be fulfilled.
The woman thou beheld is that great city
That is the empress o'er the kings of earth.

After these things I looked, and lo ! I saw
Another angel coming down from heaven ;
He was endowed with great authority,
And with his glory lightened all the earth,
And mightily with voice of power he cried : 1020
Babylon the great is fallen, is overthrown !
She is become a place where demons dwell,
A refuge and a hold for spirits foul,
A haunt for all unclean and hateful birds.
For all the nations of the earth have drunk
The wine-cup of the wrath of her embrace ;
And in her dalliance the kings have lived ;
The merchants of the earth have been enriched
Through the abundance of her delicacies.

And then I heard another voice from heaven, 1030
Saying : My people, come ye out of her,
That ye be not partakers of her sins,
Nor reap the payment for them in her plagues ;
For she hath reached to heaven with her crimes,
And God remembereth her iniquities.
Render to her even as she repaid,
Double to her according to her works ;

4

Refill for her the cup that she hath filled.
By how much she hath glorified herself,
And lived in softness and deliciousness, 1040
So much of sorrow and of torment deal.
For in her heart she saith, I sit a queen ;
I am no widow, and shall see no grief.
Therefore her plagues all in one day shall come,
Death, mourning, famine, perishing by fire ;
For mighty is the Lord who judgeth her.
The kings who dallied with her shall lament,
And they who lived deliciously shall mourn,
When, while she burns, they see her fiery smoke ;
Fearing her torment, standing far aloof, 1050
Crying, Alas for Babylon the great !
Ah for the mighty city ! Ah for her !
For in one hour is her sore judgment come.
The merchants of the earth shall mourn for her,
For none now buyeth of their merchandise,
The merchandise of silver and of gold,
Of precious stones and of Arabian pearls ;
Of linen, scarlet, purple, and of silk ;
Of thyine wood and sculptured ivory ;
All sorts of vessels of the rarest woods ; 1060
Of marble, and of iron, and of brass ;
Frankincense, odours, ointments, cinnamon ;
And wine and oil, flour, wheat, and beasts and sheep ;
Horses and cars, bodies and souls of men.
The fruits thy soul desired are gone from thee,
Gone are thy dainties and thy goodly things,
And henceforth shalt thou search for them in vain.
The merchants of these things, whom she enriched,
Standing aloof for fear, shall wail and weep,
Saying, Alas ! alas for that great city, 1070
In scarlet, purple, and fine linen clothed,

And decked with gold and precious stones and pearls ;
For in one hour such wealth is come to nought.
And all the shipmasters, and all of those
Who pass by sea for travel or for trade,
And all the sailors, all stood far aloof.
And when they saw her fiery smoke ascend,
Cried they aloud : Ah, what may be compared
With this great city ! And upon their heads
Ashes and dust they cast, and weep, and wail : 1080
Alas ! alas for that great city, where
All who had ships upon the sea might trade,
And with her costliness enrich themselves ;
For in one hour is she made desolate.
But ye, O heavens, apostles, prophets, saints,
Rejoice, for God on her hath judged your cause.

And then a mighty angel cast a stone,
Like a huge millstone, down into the sea,
And cried : Yea, even thus with violence
Shall that great city Babylon be cast, 1090
And thus shall she no more at all be found.
No more in thee the harmony of harps,
Musicians, pipers, trumpeters be heard ;
No craftsmen of whatever craft be found ;
And heard no more the grinding of the corn ;
No more in thee the lighted lamp shall shine,
The bride and bridegroom's voices heard no more.
Thy merchants were the princes of the earth ;
All nations yielded to thy witcheries ;
But in her streets and palaces was found 1100
The blood of holy prophets and of saints,
And of all people slain upon the earth.

After these things I heard a mighty voice,
The voice of a great multitude in heaven :

Allelujah ! The glory and salvation

And the great power of our Almighty God ;
Righteous and true His judgments doth He fashion,
Because He hath avenged His servants' blood.
For He hath judged that wicked one unchaste,
In her corruption who the earth embraced. 1110
And Allelujah ! then they cried again.
And ever and for aye her smoke arose.
The elders then and those four living things
Fell down and worshipped God upon the throne,
Amen and Allelujah to their Lord.
And from the throne a voice : Praise ye our God,
His servants ; ye who fear Him, great and small.
And then from all those multitudes arose
A voice like many waters, as a voice
Of mighty thunderings, that cried aloud : 1120
Allelujah ! the Lord Almighty reigns ;
Gladly to Him all glory let us give ;
For now the marriage of the Lamb is come,
His wife hath made her meet to join her Lord.
And it was granted her to be arrayed
In linen of the finest, white and pure ;
The linen is the righteousness of saints.
And unto me he saith : Write, Bless'd are they
Called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.
And then to me : This is the truth of God. 1130
I fell before his feet to worship him,
But he forbade : I serve alike with thee,
And those who have the testimony of Christ ;
Worship thou God alone. The witnessing
Of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

Then saw I heaven opened, and behold
A horse all white. On him a rider sat,
Faithful and True His name. In righteousness

He rideth, judgeth, and He maketh war.
 Eyes as a flame of fire ; and on His head 1140
 Crowns many. And He had a written name,
 That none but only He Himself might know.
 And He was clothed in vesture dipped in blood,
 And by His name is called the Word of God.
 And the array of heaven followed Him
 On horses white, in linen white and pure.
 Out of His mouth goeth a sharp-edged sword,
 Wherewith the nations He with power should smite ;
 And He shall rule them with an iron rod :
 And He doth tread the winepress of the wine 1150
 Of the fierce anger of Almighty God.
 And on His garment and His thigh a name
 Is written : KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.
 Lo ! then an angel standing in the sun,
 And with a mighty voice he cried aloud
 To all the fowls that fly amid the heaven :
 Gather yourselves together, haste and come
 To the great supper of Almighty God ;
 That ye may feast upon the flesh of kings,
 The flesh of captains and of mighty men ; 1160
 Of horses, and of them that sat on them ;
 The flesh of all,—free, bond, and small and great.
 And lo ! the beast and all the kings of earth,
 And all their armies gathered to make war
 On Him who rode the horse, and His array ;
 And then the beast was taken, and with him
 That prophet false, who wrought the wondrous signs
 In presence of the beast, and thus deceived
 All those who bore his mark and worshipped him.
 They twain were taken, and were cast alive 1170
 Into the lake of brimstone and of fire.
 And by the sword, proceeding from the mouth

Of him who rode the horse, the rest were slain,
And all the fowls were satiate with their flesh.

I saw an angel coming down from heaven,
With him he bore the key of the abyss,
And in his mighty hand he held a chain.
He seized the dragon, that great serpent old,
Devil and Satan called, and bound him for
A thousand years, and cast him in the abyss ; 1180
And on him closed the gate and set the seal,
That he might ne'er deceive the nations more,
Until the thousand years shall be fulfilled ;
And then he must be loosed a little space.

Then saw I thrones, and they did sit thereon,
And judgment was entrusted unto them.
And lo ! the souls of them that had been slain
For witnessing for Jesus and God's word,
Who had refused all worship to the beast
And to his image, nor received his mark 1190
Either upon their forehead or their hand,
They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.
But of the dead the rest lived not again
Until the thousand years had passed away.
This the first resurrection. Blessed is he
And holy who attaineth to his part
In this first resurrection ; over these
The second death is powerless ; they shall be
The priests of God and Christ, and reign with Him
A thousand years. And when that term is gone, 1200
Then from his prison Satan shall be loosed,
And shall emerge the nations to deceive
Who dwell in the four quarters of the earth,
Magog and Gog, to gather them to war,
Their number as the sand upon the shore.
And they went up over the breadth of earth,

And the saints' camp they compassed round about,
 And the beloved city. And God sent
 His fire from heaven, which devoured them all.
 The Devil, their deceiver, then was cast 1210
 Into the lake of brimstone and of fire,
 Where the false prophet and the beast were thrown,
 With them to be tormented night and day,
 For ever unto all eternity.

And after that I saw a great white throne,
 And on the throne sat One, before whose face
 Fled earth and heaven ; for them no place was found.
 Then did I see the dead, both small and great,
 Standing before the throne ; books were unclosed,
 And then another book, the book of life. 1220
 And then the dead were judged out of the things
 Written therein, according to their works.
 And the obedient sea gave up her dead,
 And death and hell the dead that were therein ;
 And they were judged according to their works.
 And in the lake of fire both death and hell
 Were cast, the second death the lake of fire.
 And whosoever name could not be found
 Recorded in the written book of life,
 He then was cast into the lake of fire. 1230

I looked, and I beheld new heaven and earth,—
 Because the former heaven and former earth
 Had passed away,—and there was sea no more.
 And I, John, saw the New Jerusalem,
 The holy city, coming down from God
 Out of the heaven, prepared and beautified
 As for a husband is adorned a bride.
 And from the throne I heard a mighty voice :

Behold, God's tabernacle is with men ;
They shall be His, and He with them shall dwell. 1240
And God Himself shall be with them, their God.
He from all eyes shall wipe the tears away.
Mourning shall be no more, and no more death,
Nor weeping, and all pain shall be no more ;
For all the former things are passed away.
Then said the One that sitteth on the throne :
Lo ! I make all things new. And then He saith :
Write ; for these words are faithful and are true.
And unto me He uttered : It is done.
The Alpha and Omega, both am I, 1250
I the Beginning, as I am the End.
I unto him who is athirst will give
Freely the water of the well of life.
He that o'ercomes shall be inheritor
Of all these things ; and I will be his God,
And he shall ever be to me a son.
But they who sin against both God and men
Shall have their lot in that fierce burning lake,
Brimstone and fire, which is the second death.

And one of the seven angels came to me, 1260
Which had the seven vases full of plagues,
And spake with me, and said : Come thou with me,
And thou shalt see the bride, wife of the Lamb.
And he in spirit carried me away
Unto a mountain very great and high,
And thence he showed to me Jerusalem,
The holy city, coming down from God.
Her radiance was the glory of the Lord ;
Her light was like unto a precious gem,
Ev'n like a jasper stone, as crystal clear ; 1270
The wall was great and high, and had twelve gates,

And at each portal did an angel stand.
 And all the gates had names inscribed thereon,
 The names of the twelve tribes of Israel.
 Three of the gates were facing to the east,
 And three of them were open to the north,
 Three on the south, and three upon the west.
 The city wall's foundations numbered twelve,
 Named of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.
 And he who spake held a long golden reed, 1280
 Wherewith to measure city, gates, and wall.
 Square is the city, for the length is large
 As is the breadth. He measured with the reed
 Twelve thousand furlongs ; and the length of it,
 The breadth, and height of it are equal all ;
 The wall he measured with the golden reed
 One hundred cubits, adding forty-four
 Cubits as by the measure of a man,
 That is the angel, he who measured it.
 Of jasper was the building of the wall, 1290
 The city gold shining like clearest glass ;
 And the foundations of the city walls
 Were garnished with all sorts of precious stones,
 Jasper, and sapphire, and chalcedony,
 An emerald, sardonyx, sardius,
 A chrysolite, a beryl, and a topaz,
 Chrysopras, jacinth, and an amethyst,
 For each foundation from the first to twelfth.
 And her twelve gates all of twelve pearls were made,
 Each several gate made of a single pearl. 1300
 The city street paved with the purest gold,
 Shining and clear as if transparent glass.
 I saw no temple for their worship there,
 For the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb
 Pervade the city as its holy fane.

The city had no need of sun or moon,
The glory of the Lord illumined it ;
And as the lamp thereof there shines the Lamb.
Guided by light therefrom the nations walk,
And into it the kings their glory bring. 1310
The city gates shall ne'er be shut by day,
Open for ever, for no night is there.
Glory and honour, all that appertain
Unto the nations, they shall bring therein.
But what defileth shall not enter there,
Nought of abomination or a lie ;
But they alone whose names are written in
The book of life open before the Lamb.
And then he shewed to me a flowing stream,
Water of life, like crystal bright and clear, 1320
Its fount the throne of God and of the Lamb.
And in the way, on either side the stream,
The tree of life, which bore twelve sorts of fruits,
Each fruiting monthly ; and the tree did bear
Leaves for the healing of the nations' ills.
There shall be no more curse ; and in the midst
Shall be the throne of God and of the Lamb.
Him shall His servants serve, and see His face ;
And on their foreheads they His name shall bear.
And there shall be no night, they need no lamp, 1330
Nor sunlight, for the Lord illumines them ;
And they for ever and for aye shall reign.

To me he said : Faithful and true these words.
The Lord God of the spirits of the prophets
Hath sent His angel now, that he may show
His servants things shortly to come to pass.
Lo ! I come quickly : bless'd is he who keeps
The sayings of this book of prophecy !

And I, John, saw and also heard these things,

And, having seen and heard, I then fell down 1340

Before the angel's feet to worship him,
Who shewed these things to me. But then he saith :

Forbear ! for I am servant one with thee,
And with thy prophet brethren, and with them
Who keep the sayings written in this book :
Worship thou God. And then he saith to me :
Seal not the sayings of the prophecy
Written within this book ; the time draws near.

Let the unjust one do unjustly still,
And filthy let the filthy one remain ; 1350

Righteousness let the righteous man still do,
And still be sanctified the holy one.

Quickly I come ; and my reward I bring,
To give to each according to his work.

The Alpha I, and the Omega I,
I am the first, and also am the last,
I the beginning, as I am the end.

These are the blessed, they who wash their robes,
To have their right unto the tree of life,

And entrance to the city through the gates, 1360
Barred against sinners before God and men.

I, Jesus, sent my angel to declare
All these things, for the churches, unto you.

I, both the Root of David and his branch,
Am the day's harbinger, the Morning Star.

The Spirit and the bride are saying, Come.
Let each one say aloud who heareth, Come.

Ho, every one that thirsteth ! let him come,
And freely take life's water at his will.

I testify to every man who hears 1370

The words of prophecy within this book,
If any man unto these things shall add,
God unto him shall add the plagues herein ;

And from the words of this prophetic book,
If any take away, then God shall take
His part away from out the tree of life
And holy city that are written here.
He who doth testify to all these things,
Sayeth, I come, surely with speed. Amen.

So may it even be, Lord Jesus, come.
The grace of Jesus be with all the saints. Amen.

SOLOMON AND HIS BRIDE.

This Drama represents the meeting of Solomon and the Bride on the frontier of the Egyptian and Israelite territories, the journey to Jerusalem, the entry into the King's palace, and the commencement of their wedded life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLOMON.

BRIDE.

MOTHER OF THE BRIDE.

CHORUS, consisting in all cases of Women, but being different persons in each scene.

FRIENDS AND ATTENDANTS of all ranks, armed and unarmed, male and female.

POPULACE.

SOLOMON AND HIS BRIDE.

ACT I.

MEETING OF SOLOMON AND THE BRIDE—COMMENCEMENT OF THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

SCENE 1.

On the frontier between Egypt and Palestine, Solomon, having broken up his night-camp, has halted on the frontier, with his retinue, to receive the Bride. The Bride, descending from one of Pharaoh's state-chariots, splendidly attended, and accompanied by her mother, enters.

SOLOMON and RETINUE, BRIDE, her MOTHER, LADIES,
ATTENDANTS and ARMED RETINUE, and CHORUS.

Bride to her Mother—

Now may the Monarch of the Hebrew nation
Deign to dispel my lingering maiden fear,
And for the wine-cup of the salutation
Mark by his kiss that I am welcome here.

(Solomon and the Bride meet.)

Solomon to Bride—

Sweet odours thee surrounding,
Like frankincense thy fame;
Therefore with love abounding
The virgins praise thy name.

(The Bride receives the kiss of salutation.)

Bride—

Thy welcome, fear dispelling,
Lead on, and I will come,
Till in the royal dwelling
The King shall make my home.

Solomon—

We give thee gladsome greeting,
O'erjoyed thy face to see,
Our hearts' best pulses beating
High welcome unto thee.

Bride—

The guests may have the wine-cup,
But I have love divine,
And aye shall memory cherish
That hallowed kiss of thine.

First Semichorus—

Lo ! in our land the daughters in their prime
Vie in their hue with David's princely race ;
But for our Bride, the sun of Egypt's clime
Hath toned the colour of her beauteous face.

Second Semichorus—

What though her hue were dark as Kedar's tents,
Whose warp and woof the black-haired goats supply,
Her queenly form more perfect grace presents,
Than e'er was wrought in regal tapestry.

Bride to Chorus—

O Salem's daughters, scorn ye not my hue :
My mother's children, angry with me grown,
Where suns from cloudless skies hot glances threw,
Made me keep vineyards, vineyards not my own.

Bride to Solomon—

O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where breakest thou the fast ?
And when thine army moveth,
Where is the noon-day rest ?

My troop, unled, may wander
To some companion band,
As flocks will stray asunder
'Mongst other flocks at hand.

Solomon—

O fairest among women !
Thou dost not know the way,
And lest thy troop, while roaming,
'Midst others go astray,

See that thy flock thou leadest
By the chief shepherd's own,
And that thy kids thou feedest
Where the king's flock lies down.

Chorus [bearing a present for the Bride]—

Welcome, O loved one ! Queen-like hast thou come,
With Pharaoh's chariots for state prepared,
Befitting him who sends thee from thy home,
With chosen warriors round thee for thy guard.
Thy cheeks with precious gems resplendent glow,
While jewelled chains thy graceful neck enfold ;
Accept from us these silver studs, to throw
Their sheen upon thy vest of woven gold.

SCENE 2.

The noonday halt in groves and orchards.

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS.

Bride—

While at the royal table
Sitteth at meat the King,
In fragrance o'er him riseth
The spikenard that I bring.

To me is my beloved
Like myrrh upon my breast,
Engadè's camphire blossoms,
Which on my bosom rest.

Solomon—

Lo ! thou art fair, my love,
Soft are thine eyes to see,
Eyes of a turtle-dove,
Thou'rt very fair to me.

Rest from thine early marching,
Fresh grasses form thy seat ;
Cedar and fir o'erarching,
Shield thee from noonday heat.

Bride—

Ah ! like a rose of Sharon
Thou shad'st me from the sun,
Or like a tender lily
In sheltered valley grown.

Solomon—

As with its thorny bower
The lily doth compare,
So is my love the flower
Among the maidens fair.

Bride—

The apple tree excelleth
All other trees above,
So o'er all other princes
Excelleth far my love.

[*Solomon, with Attendants, depart.*]

Bride to her Attendants—

I sat me down beneath the grateful shade
With much delight, o'ershadowed from the heat ;
My hunger satisfied, my thirst allayed
With fruit that to my taste was very sweet.
He brought me to the arbour of the feast,
Love was the banner floating soft above.
Bring the cool water-vases, we will rest,
And freshest fruits, for I am sick of love.

Bride to herself—

Beneath my head his left hand, while his right
Encircling me, protecteth with his might.

Bride to the Chorus—

I charge you by the roe and by the hind,
Maids of Jerusalem, let love lie still ;
Arouse it not, for surely ye shall find
It will awake unbidden when it will.

ACT II.

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

SCENE 1.

Apartments and gardens occupied during the halt for the night. Bride in her chamber of repose, with a few Attendants. Solomon at earliest dawn rides up to the house, with Attendants, ready for the march.

Bride to her Attendants—

The approach of my beloved now resoundeth,
And like a hart, or like an agile roe—
Listen!—among the mountain rocks he boundeth,
Fast as the hinds o'er hill and valley go.
He cometh! At the wall he pauseth now,
And at the windows gazeth he to see;
Lo! he himself doth at the lattice shew.
Hark! my beloved calls, he speaks to me.

Solomon—

Rise up, my fair one! haste!
The storm is o'er and gone,
The wintry time is past:
Arise, my love, my own!

All earth is gay with flowers,
The turtle-dove is heard,
And in the dewy bowers
Carols the joyous bird.

The budding fruit is shewing
Upon the fig-tree's spray,
The vines, sweet blossoms blowing,
Shed forth their fragrancy.

Paleth the morning star,
Bright herald of the day :
Wake, fairest of the fair ;
Arise and come away.

[*A pause.*]

Sweet dove, who mak'st thy nest
In cleft amid the rock,
Prolong not thou thy rest
Within thy secret nook.

Look forth, for I am near thee,
Sweet-voiced thou art as fair ;
Oh breathe, that I may hear thee,
Dear words upon the air.

Bride (sings a stanza of a ballad) within—

Let us now the foxes take,
Foxes through the vineyards break ;
Running through the ripening lines,
Foxes spoil the loaded vines.

Bride to her Attendants—

Lo, for my love the lilies clothe the plain !
Shedding their fragrance o'er him as he moves ;
And he is mine, one soul betwixt us twain,
So sweet the union of our hearts and loves.

Bride to Solomon—

Until the day ariseth
To chase the shades away,
Oh turn thee, my beloved !
Oh turn thee till the day !
Then come like roe that boundeth,
Or like the springing hart,
When vainly Bether's mountains
Would keep the twain apart.

SCENE 2.

The Bride's robing apartment. The Bride, while preparing for the march, recites her dream to her Attendants and to the Chorus.

Bride—

I dreamed, as sleeping on my couch I lay,
I dreamed that him I loved I vainly sought;
That though the darkness was to me as day,
I sought again, but still I found him not;
That then I rose to search the city through,
Traversed each spacious street, each narrow wynd,
Whom my soul loveth still I would pursue:
Vain search, my loved one nowhere could I find.
The watchmen, who till dawn watch from the gloaming,
Nightly throughout the city circling round,
Descried me, as I paused amid my roaming
To ask of them if they my love had found.
I had not passed them but a little while,
When, wandering in the street, I met my love;
I held him fast with many a tear and smile,
Nor would I let him go again to rove,
Till I had brought him to my mother's room,
Her chamber who had borne me in her womb.

Bride to the Chorus—

I charge you by the roe and by the hind,
Maids of Jerusalem, let love lie still;
Arouse it not, for surely ye shall find
It will awake unbidden when it will.

ACT III.

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM CONTINUED.

SCENE 1.

*Near the halting-place. The Chorus watching the approach
of the cavalcade.*

Chorus—

Who from the wilderness is this who cometh,
Like pillars of the smoke-cloud driving on,
Whom frankincense with fragrancy perfumeth,
And myrrh and odours from the merchants won?

First Semichorus—

Behold the litter as it draweth near;
Lo! it is Solomon's, and valiant men
Threescore, with every one his glittering spear,
Of Israel's bravest, form the royal train,
All nobly weaponed, all in war expert;
Half tend him on the left hand, half the right,
Each with his sword upon his thigh begirt,
To guard the King from danger in the night.

Second Semichorus—

A cedarn litter Solomon hath made,
The poles of silver and the frame of gold.
The love of Salem's maidens wove the bed,
And purple coverings the whole enfold.

Chorus—

Come, Zion's daughters, give the King our greeting
He wears the marriage chaplet on his head,
Wherewith his mother crowned him, as befitting
The happy day when he his bride should wed.

SCENE 2.

Hall in the apartments prepared for the night.

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS.

Solomon—

Lo ! thou art fair, my love ;
 Fairest to me art thou ;
Eyes of a gentle dove
 Beneath thine arching brow.

Thy hair's luxuriant tresses
 Down from thy head unrolled,
Like goat-flocks, when their masses
 From Gilead seek the fold.

As flocks of ewes, twin-bearing,
 Fresh from the brook beneath,
White from the summer shearing,
 So are thy pearly teeth.

Thy voice like music cometh
 Through coral lips apart ;
Thy breath the air perfumeth
 With sweet words from thy heart.

In hue with the pomegranates
 Thy glowing cheeks compare,
Half-veiled beneath the ringlets
 Of thy dark waving hair.

Thy neck like David's tower,
 His armour to contain ;
A thousand bucklers there,
 All shields of mighty men.

Thy bosom like two roes,
Twins that their dam doth breed,
Each with the other goes
To the lilies where they feed.

Bride—

Until the day appear,
And the shades of night are gone,
I will seek the mount of myrrh,
That spices grow upon.

Solomon—

Among the fair the fairest,
Beauty's entirety ;
My love, thou art the rarest,
There is no spot in thee.

Seek not the cedar forest,
Which the hand of God hath sown,
And heaven's dews have nourished,
On mighty Lebanon.

Seek not the triple mountain,
Where Hermon's snows appear ;
Amana's crystal fountain,
Or icy-ribbed Shenir ;

There roams the savage lion,
There his fierce whelps are reared,
And there the bleak winds sigh on
The mountains of the pard.

O sister-spouse of mine,
My heart thou ravishest
With one bright glance of thine,
One chain upon thy breast.

O sister-spouse, far better
Than purest wine thy love,
Than costliest spices sweeter
Thy odorous ointments prove.

Bride—

Wise words, with love all glowing,
Forth from thy dear lips come,
Like golden honey flowing
Out of the honeycomb.
Milk rests in soft agreement
With honey on thy tongue ;
The fragrance of thy raiment
Like airs from Lebanon.

Solomon—

My sister is a garden,
My spouse a fountain sealed ;
A spring, the careful warden
Hath closed from the field.

Pomegranate trees are planted
In the orchard that I love,
And fruits and camphire scented
With spikenard hang above ;

The calamus there groweth,
The saffron there I find,
There cinnamon off-throweth
The treasure of its rind ;

All trees that flow with gum,
The aloe and the myrrh,
And spice that merchants come
From distant lands to bear ;

With fountains as of Eden,
For ever flowing on,
And living waters spreading
With streams from Lebanon.

Bride—

Blow on it, cooling breeze,
Blow crisping from the north ;
O south wind, kiss the trees,
And draw their perfume forth.

Let my beloved enter
The garden he hath made,
And eat its pleasant fruitage,
And rest beneath its shade.

Solomon—

Ah, sister-spouse of mine,
My garden's very fair,
And I have entered in,
Gathering spice and myrrh.

The honey-bee hath given
To me his luscious store,
And milk and wine have striven
That I should thirst no more.

Chorus—

Eat, O ye friends, and drink ; feast ye uncloyed,
On hope of banquet soon to be enjoyed.

N.B. — *After this scene Solomon precedes the Bride to Jerusalem, to arrange the ceremonial for her entry and for the marriage.*

ACT IV.

THE ENTRY OF THE BRIDE INTO SOLOMON'S PALACE AT
JERUSALEM.

SCENE 1.

Chamber in the apartments at the halting-place near Jerusalem. The Bride, preparing for the stately ceremony, relates her dream to her Attendants and the Chorus.

BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS.

Bride—

I slept. My heart awaketh, and I hear
My loved one's voice, who knocketh at the door :
' Open to me, my love, my sister dear ;
My locks are dripping with the night drops hoar !
(Open to me, my dove, my undefiled,
For with the heavy dew my head is filled !'
I am unrobed : how can I robe again ?
My feet are washed : how shall they touch the mire ?
My loved one sought the door-latch to unpin,
And my heart yearned to grant him his desire.
I rose to open at my loved one's wish ;
Myrrh from my hands was dropping on the floor,
And from my fingers scenting all the place,
As I undid the fastenings of the door.
I opened to my loved one, but in vain :
He had withdrawn himself, and now was gone.
When first he spake, my heart had failed. And then
I sought, I called, but answer gave he none.
The watchmen, they who cry their nightly calls,
Found me, and smote me as I passed them by ;
And then the keepers of the city walls
Saw me, and seized, and rent my veil away.

To the Chorus—

I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem,
By everything that may your pity move,
If ye my loved one meet, Oh, say to him
Ye saw me,—say that I am sick of love.

Chorus—

What than another is thy loved one more ?
O fairest among women, tell us true.
What than another is thy loved one more,
That on awaking thou dost charge us so ?

Bride—

Ruddy is my beloved, very fair,
The chiefest one among ten thousand told ;
Of raven hue the treasure of his hair,
His noble head is as the finest gold ;
His eyes like doves upon the river shores,
Bathing in milk, and to perfection placed ;
His cheeks are beds of spices, or sweet flowers ;
Lilies his lips, with myrrh's sweet fragrance graced ;
His hands gold rings set with the beryl stone ;
His body ivory with sapphires laid ;
His legs like marble pillars, and each one
For strength is in a golden socket stayed ;
His countenance is like to Lebanon,
Circled with cedar forests ; voice most sweet :
Yea, altogether the most lovely one !
Such is my best beloved. If ye meet,
This will be my beloved ; this will be
My friend, and ye will know him when ye see.

Chorus—

Say, fairest among women, is it known
In what direction has thy loved one strayed ?
Or to what place has thy beloved gone ? .
That we may seek with thee and give thee aid.

Bride—

Down to his garden is my loved one gone,
To gather lilies in the beds of flowers,
And in his paradise will feast alone,
While wandering amid the spicy bowers.
Ah ! I am my beloved's ; he to me
His heart inclineth wheresoe'er he be.

SCENE 2.

Open space in front of the palace at Jerusalem. Bride, magnificently attended, enters. Solomon meets the Bride, and with great state conducts her through the company of Virgins into the palace, where the Queens and Ladies receive her.

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS,
POPULACE.

Solomon—

Ah ! Tirza is less comely
Than thou, though throned in flowers ;
Jerusalem more homely,
Though crowned with kingly towers.

I fear no bannered lances,
I fear not sling or bow,
But turn away thy glances,
For I am conquered now.

Thy hair's luxuriant tresses
Down from thy head unrolled,
Like goat-flocks, when their masses
From Gilead seek the fold.

As flocks of ewes, twin-bearing,
Fresh from the brook beneath,
White from the summer shearing,
So are thy pearly teeth.

While with the ripe pomegranates
Thy glowing cheeks compare,
Half-veiled among the ringlets
Of thy dark waving hair.

Chorus—

To welcome thee the Queens their presence lend,
Threescore await thee in the royal dome ;
And ladies of the court fourscore attend,
With maidens numberless, to bring thee home.

Solomon—

My dove, my undefiled,
Is only one alone,
Her mother's dearest child,
Her darling chosen one.

Chorus—

She passes through the maidens ranged around,
Who praise and bless her as she moves along.
Hark ! through the halls, while music's strains resound,
The Queens and ladies welcome her with song.

SONG.

Queens and Ladies of the Court—

Who on our vision breaking,
As riseth golden day,
Wonder and love awaking,
Bendeth her step this way ?
Nor moon more fair,
Nor sun more clear.

Armies with banners glorious,
Arrayed with spear and shield,
Armies in war victorious,
Before this maiden yield.
Sole panoply
Her purity.

*[During this song, Solomon, Bride, Attendants, and
Maidens enter the palace.
The Chorus and People in front of the palace sing
the Forty-fifth Psalm.]*

Chorus—

O-king of ours, than other men more fair,
Grace on thy lips, God's blessing on thy head ;
Gird on thy sword, mighty beyond compare,
With majesty and glory o'er thee shed.

People—

Truth and humility and holy right
Attend thee as thou ridest in thy speed ;
Let thy right hand, triumphant in its might,
Perform as thou designest every deed.

Chorus and People—

So shall thy shafts thine enemies appal,
And underneath thy rule the nations fall.

Chorus—

For ever and for ever is God's throne,
Right is the sceptre of His sway divine.
Thou hatest sin, and lovest truth alone ;
Therefore thy God approves thy rule benign.

People—

He hath anointed thee above the best
With the sweet oil of gladness ; and there clings
The scent of odours rare upon thy vest,
And from thine ivory halls love's music rings.

Chorus and People—

Daughters of kings thou dost in honour hold ;
By thee abides the Queen in garb of gold.

Chorus—

Daughter of princes, deign our hymn to hear ;
Let not thy memory wander to thy home.
Henceforth do thou thy lord and king revere,
Whom with thy beauty thou hast overcome.

People—

Lo ! their rich gifts to thee Tyre's children bring ;
The wealthy press thy favour to entreat ;
In woven gold dost thou approach the king,
Worthily robed thy glorious Lord to meet.

Chorus and People—

Joyous thy maidens follow in thy train,
And in the palace of the king remain.

[*A pause, and then, with loud acclaim and a burst
of music, all the assemblage sing the concluding verse.*]

Thy sons shall emulate their father's worth,
And future generations hail thy name;
For they shall be the princes of the earth,
And coming nations shall thy praise proclaim.

N.B.—It is inferred that the nuptial ceremony takes place in the palace between these two acts; whether as a holy rite, or one to which the public were not admitted, it is not included in the drama.

ACT V.

AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

SCENE 1.

*A hall in the palace. Bride conversing with Companions.
Solomon enters with Friends.*

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, FRIENDS, ETC.

Solomon—

To where the nuts are growing,
My garden I went to see,
To look if the buds were showing
On the pomegranate tree;

To see if the vines had flourished
In the vineyard on the hill,
And the valley plants I nourished
With the waters of the rill.

Or ever I bethought me,
The chariots had come,
And with the friends who sought me
I gladly journeyed home.

[Bride turns to depart with Solomon.]

Friends—

Queen of our king, return
That we may gaze on thee !
We pray thee to return,
We would thy beauty see.

[Bride returns.]

Bride—

What see ye in the Queen ?

Friends—

We've seen embattled power,
But ne'er our eyes have seen
Beauty like thine before.

Chorus—

How beautifully show thy sandalled feet,
Daughter of princes ! How divine the skill
That made thy frame, and hath created it
With limbs like gems and jewels, at His will !
Thy form as graceful as a vase for wine ;
Lilies and wheat thine emblems ; like twin roes
Thy breast ; an ivory tower that neck of thine ;
As Heshbon's pool in depth and clearness shows
By the Bathrabbim gate, so are thine eyes ;
Thy nose is like the tower of Lebanon,
Which the glad traveller sees before him rise
As from Damascus he is journeying on ;
Thy stately head like Carmel's bowery hill,
Whose varying hues with purple sheen compare.
Thou art a Queen with empery at will,
Enchained amid the tresses of thy hair.

SCENE 2.

The palace garden. Invitation to the Bride's country-house.

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS.

Solomon—

Faultless in every feature,
In thee dwell all delights;
Like the tall palm thy stature,
Thy cheeks the ripening dates,

Unnumbered graces waving
Around the fronded crest;
While there my heart is craving
To reach its bower of rest.

As the grape-cluster swelleth,
So perfect is thy form;
All scents my love inhaleth,
Rich with the perfume's charm.

Thy converse sweet instilling
Soft music in mine ear,
Like generous wine dispelling
The weariness of care.

Bride—

I am my own beloved's,
To me his love he yields;
Let us lodge among the villages,
And wander in the fields.

Solomon—

At dawn the vineyard seeking
(For budding time is near),
We'll watch the blossom breaking,
The tender grape appear;

Bride—

We'll see if the pomegranates
Are blushing into bloom :
How sweet 'twill be to love thee,
Where thou hast made my home !

The mandrakes with their fragrance
Scent all the air around,
And, stored within our portals
All pleasant fruits abound ;

Fruits both fresh and mellow,
For thine acceptance meet,
Gathered for my loved one
To lay before his feet.

[*Solomon departs.*]

Bride in soliloquy—

Oh that my dearest brother thou mightst be,
Nourished like me upon one mother's breast !
I should not be contemned for loving thee.
Then I might seek thee and thou mightst be kissed ;
Then I might find and lead thee, and might bring
Thee loved and loving to my mother's house,
And she should teach me how to spice the wine
Prepared for thee of the pomegranate juice.
His left hand should beneath my head be placed,
And with his right hand I should be embraced.

Bride to the Chorus—

I charge you, maidens, oh, let love lie still,
It will awake unbidden when it will.

ACT VI.

VISIT TO THE BRIDE'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

SCENE 1.

Solomon and Bride, conversing, approach the house through gardens.

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS.

Chorus—

Who cometh from the wilderness? Who is this maid
Leaning on her beloved for his aid?

Solomon—

There among orchard bowers,
Beneath the apple tree,
Among sweet-scented flowers,
There thou wast brought to me.

Thy mother brought thee there,
And there she set thee down;
I took thee to my care,
Received thee for my own.

Bride—

As on thine arm thy seal,
Thou bindest firm and sure,
So, loved one, let me feel
Bound in thy heart secure.

Solomon—

Yea, greater strength than death
Hath unto love been given;
Affection's flame is breath
Breathed down by God from heaven.

Solomon and Bride—

Waters can never quench
Love's living light;
Nor at the floods shall blench
Love's lifelong might.

All that a ^{man}
bride hath prized,
All valueless shall prove ;
All, all, shall be despised,
All nought for love.

SCENE 2.

Apartment in Bride's house in the country, looking on gardens.

SOLOMON, BRIDE, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS.

Bride—

We have a little sister,
Tender and immature ;
What shall we do for our sister,
When she is spoken for ?

Solomon—

Ah ! if in innate power
A stately wall she rise,
We'll build her silver tower
In honour to the skies.

If like a door she waver
In every blast of wind,
We from herself to save her
The cedar bars will find.

Bride—

I am a wall ! my bosom
Its towers of strength approved,
And I am crowned with favour
By him whom I have loved.

Chorus—

Yea, and in token of your mutual love
The king hath granted thee this palace fair,
Making thy home within this pleasant grove
Fragrant with sweetest flowers and spices rare ;

Ev'n like the paradise that he hath made,
Planted and fenced around at Baalhamon,
Where at the vintage time each keeper weighed
A thousand silverlings to Solomon.

Bride to Chorus—

On every side my loved one's gifts abound ;
To him I owe my purple wealth of vines :
Look forth and see where on yon terraced mound
The southern sun upon my vineyard shines.

Bride to Solomon—

O Solomon, thy keepers
To thee thy thousands give,
And from my vintage reapers
My hundreds I receive.

Solomon—

Ah, loved one, thou who dwellest
Amid these gardens fair,
All the sweet tales thou tellest,
Thy favoured friends shall hear.

I may no longer tarry ;
But ere I part from thee,
Speak words that I may carry,
Shrined in my memory.

Bride—

Speed thy return, my loved one,
Swift as the hart or roe
Bounding upon the mountains
Where the sweet spices grow.

[*Solomon departs, and the drama closes.*]

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